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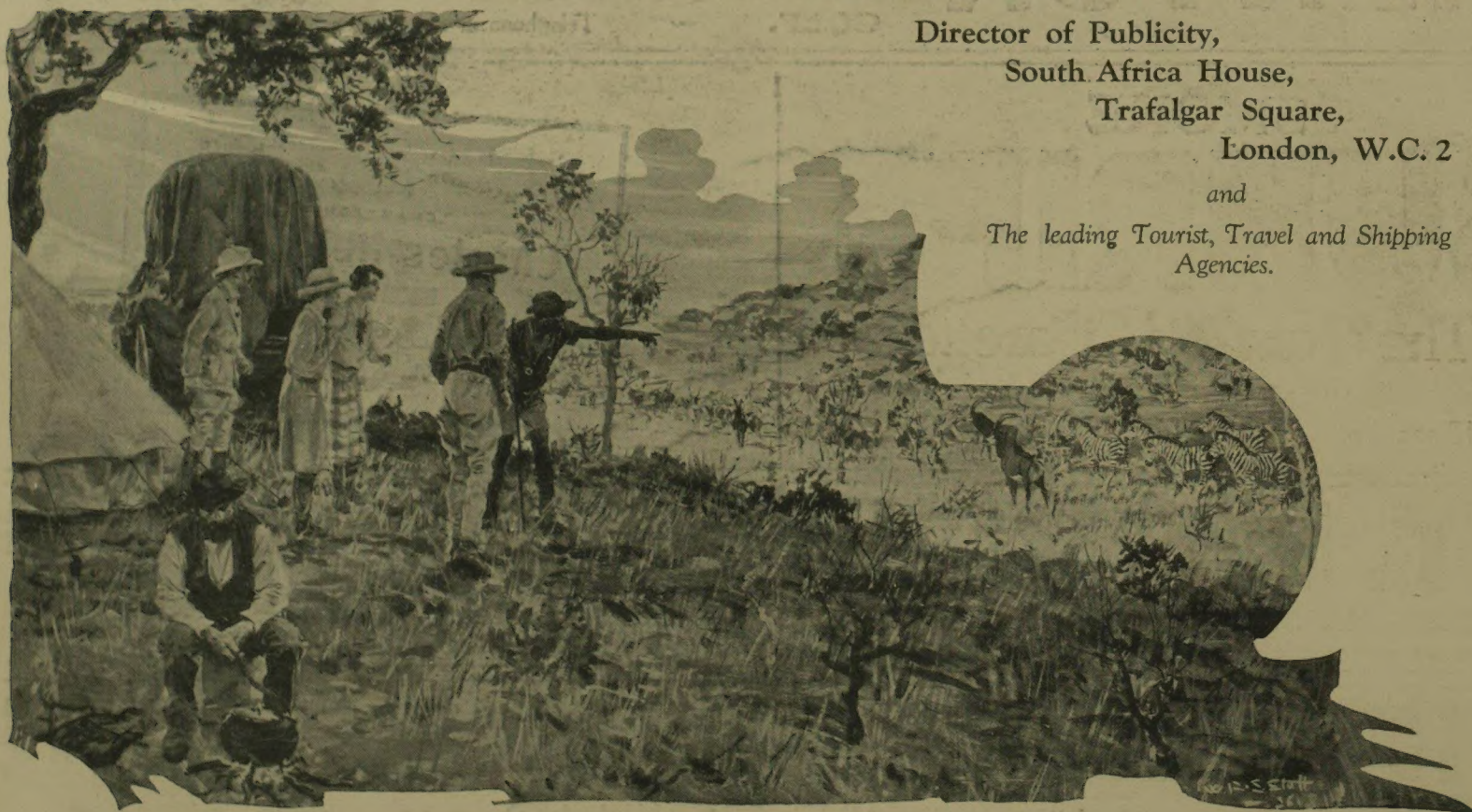
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1928.

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FROM U.S.A. TO THE DUTCH ART EXHIBITION: "THE LAUGHING MANDOLINE PLAYER," BY FRANS HALS.

This magnificent example of the art of Frans Hals, from the collection of Mr. John R. Thompson, of Lake Forest, Illinois, U.S.A., has been lent to the great Exhibition of Dutch Art to be held at Burlington House from January 4 to March 9. The picture is painted on panel, and measures 35½ by 30 inches. The forthcoming exhibition will be an event of high

importance in the art world, as it will bring together a large number of works by Old Masters—some 268 in all. The Dutch Government has lent many valuable pictures, of which only a few have ever before left Holland. An article on the Exhibition appears on page 1222, and further illustrations on page 1223 in this number.

THE DUTCH EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

By D. C. RÖELL.

FROM every corner of the world, from museums and out of Royal property, from old collections hidden somewhere in the country, and from recently formed new collections, pictures have been

gathered to build up at Burlington House an exhibition of Dutch art which promises to become the most important ever held. More than fifty Rembrandts, nearly as many examples of Frans Hals, and a considerable number of pictures by Terborch, De Hooch, and Vermeer form the kernel round which some primitives and the finest works of lesser masters will be arranged. Etchings and drawings and a choice collection of silver, Delft, and glass ware will complete

The work of Frans Hals will stand out at the exhibition in full diversity: merry toppers, roguish children's heads, and lively portraits—all brimful of the exuberance of life. From his early cheerful period dates the "Juvenile Couple," enjoying amid pleasant scenes of nature the mirth of their honeymoon: a striking contrast to the later sarcastic portraits of the old and exasperated artist who had to eat the bread of charity from the Harlem magistrates.

Vermeer of Delft, who was a "discovery" some fifty years ago, and is considered now as one of the greatest, will be represented by one-third of his total productions. King George graciously lends the famous "Interior with the Musicians"; Mr. Andrew Mellon, the United States Minister of Finance, sends a most charming "Laughing Girl"; and the Dutch museums a series of the most valuable works. The fascinating "Head of a Girl" from the Mauritshuis

will be seen beside the "Cook" and "The Little Street," both from Amsterdam. "The Street," formerly part of the plundered Six Collection, and an ever-famous gift from Sir Henry Deterding to the Dutch nation, is one of the most attractive gems among the treasures of the Ryksmuseum. Legends have been woven round the price and the subject. Only the other day a guide in the museum was telling a party of eagerly listening foreigners that this was the very street where Sir Henry Deterding was born.

A rival of Vermeer, Pieter de Hooch, delights in the intimacy of a scrubbed little courtyard or a cleanly swept room, where every polished detail reminds us of the Dutch housewife's daily task. Unique examples, such as the "Pantry" from the Ryksmuseum, and the two "Courtyards" in the possession of Lord Crawford and Lord Strafford, illustrate how greatness in art may be found in simplicity.

From England in particular the best landscapes and seascapes have been chosen. England has always been supreme in collecting Hobbema, Albert Cuyp, and Van de Cappelle. Jan Steen, the Dutch Molière in painting, will be represented in an unequalled series. His keen sense of the comedy of life is best exemplified by "As the Old Birds Sung, so Twitter the Young," from the Mauritshuis, and by the set of large canvases which the Duke of Wellington lends from the collection of Apsley House. Titles such as "The Visit of the Gallant," "The Lean and the Fat Kitchen," "The Effects of Intemperance," and even "The Doctor's Visit," sufficiently suggest the sound humour of Steen. His greatest popularity in Holland, however, is due to the exact characterisation of the child in its joy and grief, to his fatherly indulgence towards all the faults natural to infancy, so often derived from the loving parents themselves.

Rembrandt, the sun and the centre of Dutch painting, will be represented by great works, accompanied by etchings and drawings. From his earlier years, when his attention was principally directed towards light-effects—his *clair-obscur*—date fashionable portraits of an imposing appearance made with perfect mastery and a growing insight into character. After he had painted "The Night-Watch," little understood in his own time, he experienced a waning of public favour. Financial and domestic trouble filled the sorrowful years, but his art deepened. The self-portraits depict how the portrait-painter about town changed gradually into the isolated artist, who first revolted against society and finally resigned himself to fate. Not only

portraits, but also examples of still-life, landscapes, Biblical and historical scenes, show his remarkable penetration. Among his later creations are the "Esther before Mordecai," sent by the Royal family of Rumania, and "The Bridal Couple," erroneously called "The Jewish Bride," lent by the Municipality of Amsterdam. This visionary hymn on love, probably dating from the year before his death, reaches the confines of pictorial perfection, and penetrates, as never painting did before, into the realm of the spiritual.

The committee, acceding to an English request, will be able to exhibit a remarkable selection of primitives and sixteenth-century pictures. Too much, of course, fell a prey to the Protestant iconoclasts of 1566, who destroyed the larger part of church treasures. From what was overlooked then, some exceptional specimens are present in the panels by Geertgen van St. Jans from Prague and Amsterdam. A deep religious sentiment is combined here with gorgeous colouring and a subtle sense of scenery.

The masters of Renaissance portraiture, Lucas van Leyden and Jan van Scorel, have left to posterity remarkable evidence of their talents in "The Sermon" and in the portraits of Agatha van Schoonhoven, lent from Rome by Prince Doria-Pamphili. Scorel's most charming work is certainly "Mary Magdalen," whom we behold here as a beautiful young sinner before she became a penitent saint.

In its golden age Holland could boast not only of famous painters, but also of eminence in other branches of art. Evidence thereof will be shown, not only in Delft and glass wares, but also in a choice collection of ornamented silver. Under the influence of the Vianen family and Johannes Lutma, the silversmith's craftsmanship developed into a national art. Lutma's finest piece is the basin and jug made in 1654 for the inauguration of the new Amsterdam Town Hall, which had risen as a symbol of Holland's power in an epoch of her highest prosperity.

Crowds of visitors will admire these treasures, gathered for too short a time. With many of them a desire may arise to see them in their own surroundings. By crossing to Holland, they will be able to revive their impressions of the exhibition, not only in the museums, but also in the country itself, with its vast horizon, lofty sky, and cloud-effects as seen by Van Goyen, and with its moist and sunlit atmosphere, so expressively rendered by Albert Cuyp.



"THE RIVER MAES AT DORDRECHT," BY ALBERT CUYP: A PICTURE FROM SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN'S COLLECTION LENT TO THE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Albert Cuyp was born at Dordrecht in 1605, and died there in 1691. The above picture was formerly in the collection of Lord Brownlow.

They will find themselves at home in the old towns, spoiled a little, perhaps, by the hustle of modern life and traffic, but still picturesque and reminiscent of times gone by, when within the space of a few years they produced such a phalanx of great artists.



"THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT ASSENDELFT," BY PIETER SAENREDAM: A PICTURE LENT TO THE BURLINGTON HOUSE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART BY THE RYKSMUSEUM AT AMSTERDAM.

Pieter Saenredam (1597-1665) was a son of Johannis Saenredam, a famous Dutch engraver, whose name appears in the inscription on the church pavement in the right foreground of the above picture. Pieter Saenredam painted architectural subjects, chiefly church interiors, and his works are now extremely rare. He was born at Assendelft.

this display of old treasures from Holland. The nineteenth century is admirably represented by the Hague School (through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Drucker-Fraser), and by a rare sequence of works by Vincent van Gogh, that genius too early lost to fame, who has been so greatly admired of late also in England. The museums of Great Britain, Holland, and many other countries are sending most important contributions. Brussels, Paris, and other capitals are associated in this great enterprise.

The complaint is often heard that art galleries are mausoleums, burial-places where a once-living art is stored away. There is some truth in it. Pictures hanging year after year on the same spot will lose a great part of their attractive power: the habitués look at them without seeing them. Now they are going to travel; in other surroundings, under a different light, next to chance neighbours, they will be a revelation, not only to the thousands of newcomers, but also to those who want to look again at what has been familiar to them for years.

The special feast will be for the art critic and the connoisseur. They will find matter for comparison in plenty, and a rare opportunity to weigh and to appreciate the production of an artist in his various phases. Pictures of old-established reputation may perhaps cause less enthusiasm than others unknown, which may prove the feature of the show.

Appreciation constantly fluctuates. An exhibition of old Dutch art in the nineteenth century would have been impossible without the self-satisfied and too perfect portraits by Van der Helst, without the brave demeanour of the traditional white horses by Wouwermans, and the over-smooth and artificial candle-scenes by Dou. Formerly, nobody would have cared for Hercules Seghers, to whose wonderful etchings, suggestive of modern and Japanese art, a whole room has now been devoted. Nobody would have missed that young gallant in painting and drawing called Willem Buytewech, nor that subtlest of interpreters of church interiors, Saenredam, whose fame dates only from recent years. Even the great Frans Hals belonged to the common herd a hundred years ago, whereas at present he occupies the next place to Rembrandt.

DUTCH MASTERPIECES FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



"THE YOUNG COUPLE," BY FRANS HALS (C. 1580-1666.)



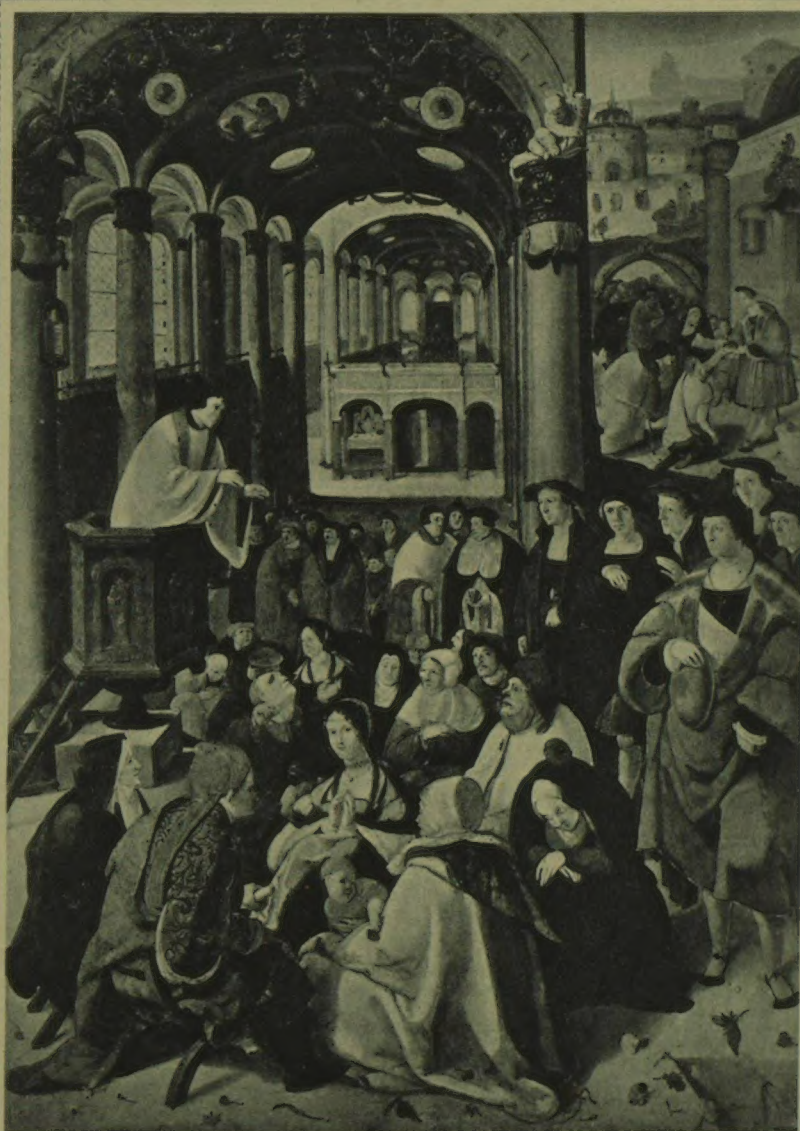
"COUNTRY COURTSHIPS," BY WILLEM BUYTEWECH (1600-1640.)



"THE BRIDAL COUPLE," BY REMBRANDT (1607-1669.)



"MARY MAGDALEN," BY JAN VAN SCOREL.



"THE SERMON," BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN (1494-1533.)

All the famous pictures reproduced above are among those lent from the Ryksmuseum at Amsterdam to the forthcoming Exhibition of Dutch Art, which (as noted in the article on the opposite page) is to be held in the Royal Academy galleries at Burlington House, from January 4 to March 9. This exhibition is an event of the highest importance in the world of art. In all it will contain about 268 works by Old Masters, 100 pictures of the modern Hague school, and some 200 drawings, etchings, and engravings. The exhibits will include about 50 Rembrandts, 20 examples of Frans Hals, 30 of Cuyp, Ruysdael, and Hobbema,

20 of Jan Steen, 10 of P. de Hooch, and 10 of Vermeer of Delft. Elaborate care was taken to protect the pictures lent by the Dutch Government on their journey from Holland to England. Two Dutch torpedo-boats escorted the Batavier liners which brought them, and they were taken from Custom House Quay to Burlington House in motor-lorries with an escort of mounted police. All the pictures arrived safely. Only three or four had ever left Holland before. One consignment alone was insured for over £1,000,000, and the combined value of the Rembrandts has been estimated at about £250,000.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE come gradually to the conclusion that the people chooses its gods and heroes from history by a process confused, indirect, too vast and vague to follow at first, but in the long run right, or at least representative. I mean that each group does get the god it deserves, and the god it desires, though in the matter of detailed knowledge it may seem to be an unknown god. The great names of history do symbolically divide humanity. The man who talks nonsense about Brutus will nevertheless talk the same kind of nonsense as Brutus. The man who may have quite a mistaken notion of Cæsar, will yet make many of the same mistakes as Cæsar. There is an instinct and an affinity across the ages. There are two religious traditions corresponding to the two types of the man who thinks first of St. Peter and the man who thinks first of St. Paul. I hasten to add that both men may venerate both saints. But there is something that is not accidental in the first movement of their minds. The men who have an intense and concentrated horror of the great Napoleon are all men of one kind. The men who sympathise with him in various degrees, and making various allowances, are of the other kind. I, for instance, am of the other kind.

But the strangest fulfilment of this almost fanciful truth is in the apparently senseless quarrel about Bacon and Shakespeare. The difference is itself different, of course, from the other differences in one particular. In this case the one hero is allowed to lay claim to all that has created the hero-worship for the other; whereas nobody claims that St. Peter wrote all St. Paul's Epistles, or that Brutus had won all Cæsar's victories, or that the Duke of Wellington was only Napoleon Bonaparte disguised with a big nose and a new cocked hat turned the other way. Suggestions of this reasonable sort are made only in the case of the unfortunate William Shakespeare of Stratford. I do not propose here, however, to go over the old ground of criticising or refuting the various contradictory Baconian theories. I am much more interested in this moral and almost mystical truth; that the two names have really come to stand for suitable ideas and suitable sets of people. There really is such a person as a Baconian. And it really is true that his chief character is that he is not in the least a Shakespearean.

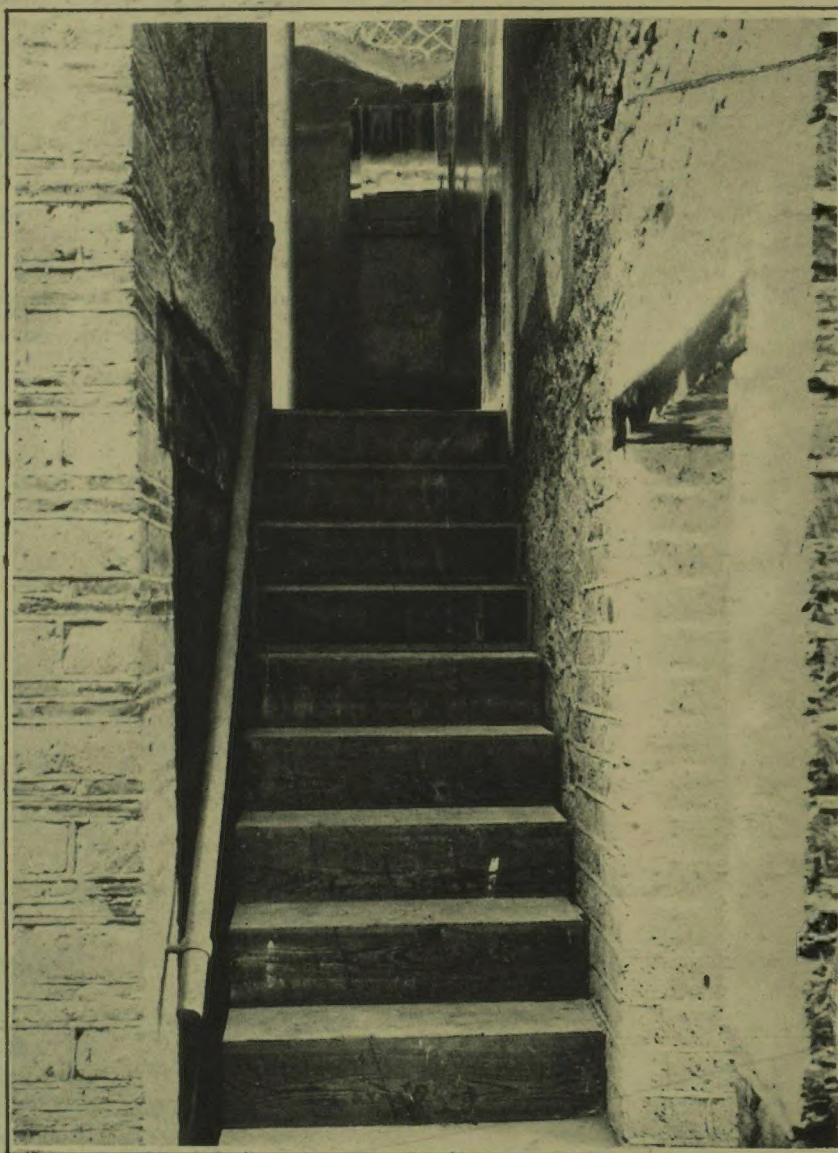
To begin with, there is all that atmosphere of what is called the cryptogram. Baconians proudly boast of it as a strong argument for their case, that Bacon was profoundly interested in cryptograms. I have not the smallest difficulty in believing it; for Bacon was profoundly interested in a great many things of that kind. He was interested in conspiracies and plots and counter-plots and hidden motives of statecraft and in pretty stinking secrets of State. There was really, in a sense, such a thing as the secret of being Francis Bacon; or at least in the sense of the secret of becoming Lord Verulam or Lord St. Albans. But there was no particular secret about being William Shakespeare, beyond the great secret of why one man can say that the daffodils take the wind, when nine out of ten would merely say that the wind takes the daffodils. Now it will be noted that the two types of humanity are here divided by the sort of faults to which they are lenient. There is a kind of man who does really believe that public life ought not to be made public. He really does think that public men ought to have a special privilege; the privilege of treating their public affairs as private affairs. No

doubt, in abstract theory, these people would condemn all imperfections; but men are divided by which imperfections they condemn first, and which they pardon first. When a gentleman takes bribes, in quite a gentlemanly way, it does seem to some people a sort of outrage that his little weaknesses should be dragged into the light of day. It has seemed to be like that to nearly all the apologists of Francis Bacon. But when a poacher, who happens also to be a poet, is fallen on by keepers or put in the stocks, or what not, all this half of humanity that I have called Baconian does really feel that he deserved all he got. They have a sort of cryptogrammic

It starts by suspecting politicians merely because they are politic. It has its doubts about secrets of State, merely because they are secret. It feels an abstract aversion from the cryptograms of court life and the ciphers of secret diplomacy. It has some tendency to treat a rascal better than he deserves when once it knows the worst, or when once he has got his deserts. This was apparent in the case of Wilkes; but it applies in its degree to so much more valuable a person as Will Shakespeare the deer-stealer. It is their principle, in extreme cases, to give a dog a bad name and not hang him.

This and other differences arise, like everything else, from deep spiritual divisions. It will be noted that the Baconian almost always boasts of being the Modern; and praises Bacon especially for his supposed proclamation of modern scientific methods. This is not inconsistent with conspiracy; and corruption is a thing that has very modern scientific methods. Indeed, modern civilisation, that has introduced so many refinements, has brought almost to perfection this old problem of the polite way of taking bribes. Essential secrecy has rather increased than decreased in the last few centuries. I know there is a general impression to the contrary, because of the wide spaces occupied by things like advertisement and publicity. But this is to misunderstand the very nature of these things. Publicity is not the opposite of secrecy. Publicity often means only the public praise of a secret process. It means the enlargement of trade marks, but not the diminishment of trade secrets. Whether machinery and multiple organisations be good things or no, it is obvious that in their very nature they intensify the isolation of the one man who presses a button or the one man who signs a cheque. If he does these things in an unscrupulous fashion, the kind of man who wishes to excuse his action or guard his secret is the same sort of man who would guard Lord Verulam from his accusers, on the ground of his great work for science.

It will be noted that in neither case am I saying that the defence is always logical. It is not conclusive to say of Bacon: "Never mind his bribery and corruption; think of his wonderful work for experimental philosophy." It is not conclusive to say of Shakespeare: "Never mind his drunkenness or deer-stealing; think of his great work in imaginative poetry." Poetry does not excuse robbery, any more than science excuses bribery. I am only pointing out that the poet's friends and the scientist's friends are recognisable groups and generally ready to excuse one fault rather than the other. And I am especially pointing out that the more open and casual life of the poet was, if anything, more suited to old and simple societies; the smooth and diplomatic life of the politician very much more suited to our modern society. Shakespeare had in him very much of the Middle Ages, as well as the Renaissance, and held on by a hundred links to the religious and moral life of the past. Bacon seems to be entirely of his own period, when he does not seem to be of our period; and it is a matter of taste whether we think either of them a particularly nice period. But, anyhow, out of the wild pedantry and bewildered detective fever of the old Bacon controversy there does emerge a fact of more permanent popular importance: that far deeper instincts, that set god against god, or legend against legend, were at work to set those two great names so strangely against each other.



THE FIRST WOODEN STAIRCASE FOUND AT HERCULANEUM: THE ORIGINAL FOUR TOP STEPS STILL PRESERVED AND NOW PROTECTED UNDER GLASS; AND THE FIVE BELOW REPLACED BY RECONSTRUCTION.

The new excavations at Herculaneum (illustrated opposite) have shown that the houses there were built in two storeys (unlike most of those found at Pompeii), with wooden stairs leading to the upper rooms. The above photograph shows the first wooden staircase discovered. "The four upper stairs," writes Professor Halbherr, "are still preserved, and have been protected under glass. The five lower ones were destroyed by a trial pit sunk at this very spot during the excavations of the past century. To the modern system applied by Professor Maiuri in all the new excavations we owe the preservation of every feature and detail of the 'finds'."

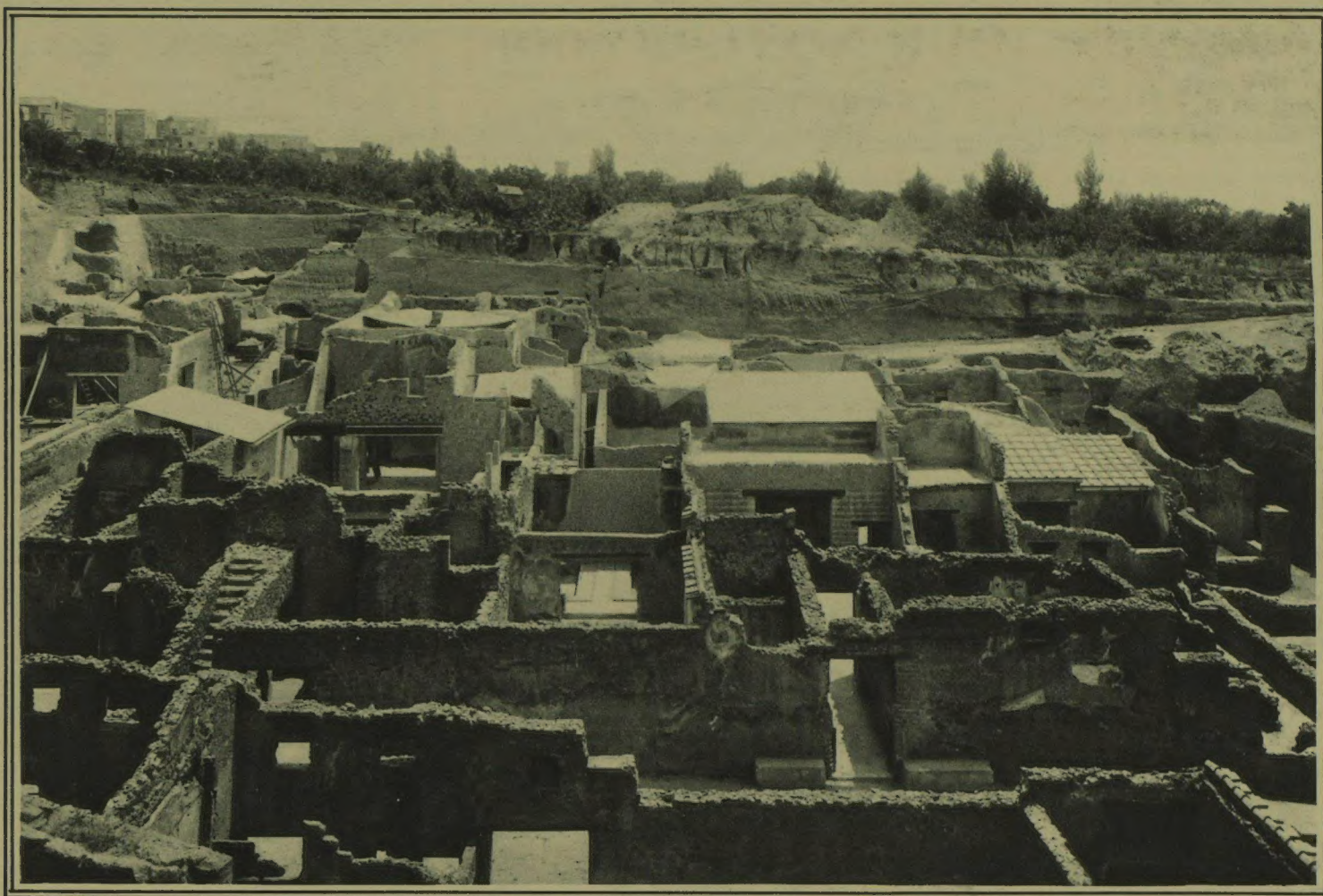
Photograph by the Italian Department of Campanian Antiquities. Supplied by Professor F. Halbherr.

sympathy with anything that is naturally curtailed from the common day; whether we describe the curtain as courtesy or conspiracy. On the other hand, they have no sympathy with the defiant and disreputable faults; with robbing on the king's highway or getting drunk in the public-house. And from the legend that he began deer-stealing as a lad to the legend that he died of a debauch of drink in later middle age, those are the stories which these people always tell, in triumphant scorn, against William Shakespeare of Stratford.

Needless to say, the other portion of humanity moves instantly and instinctively the other way.

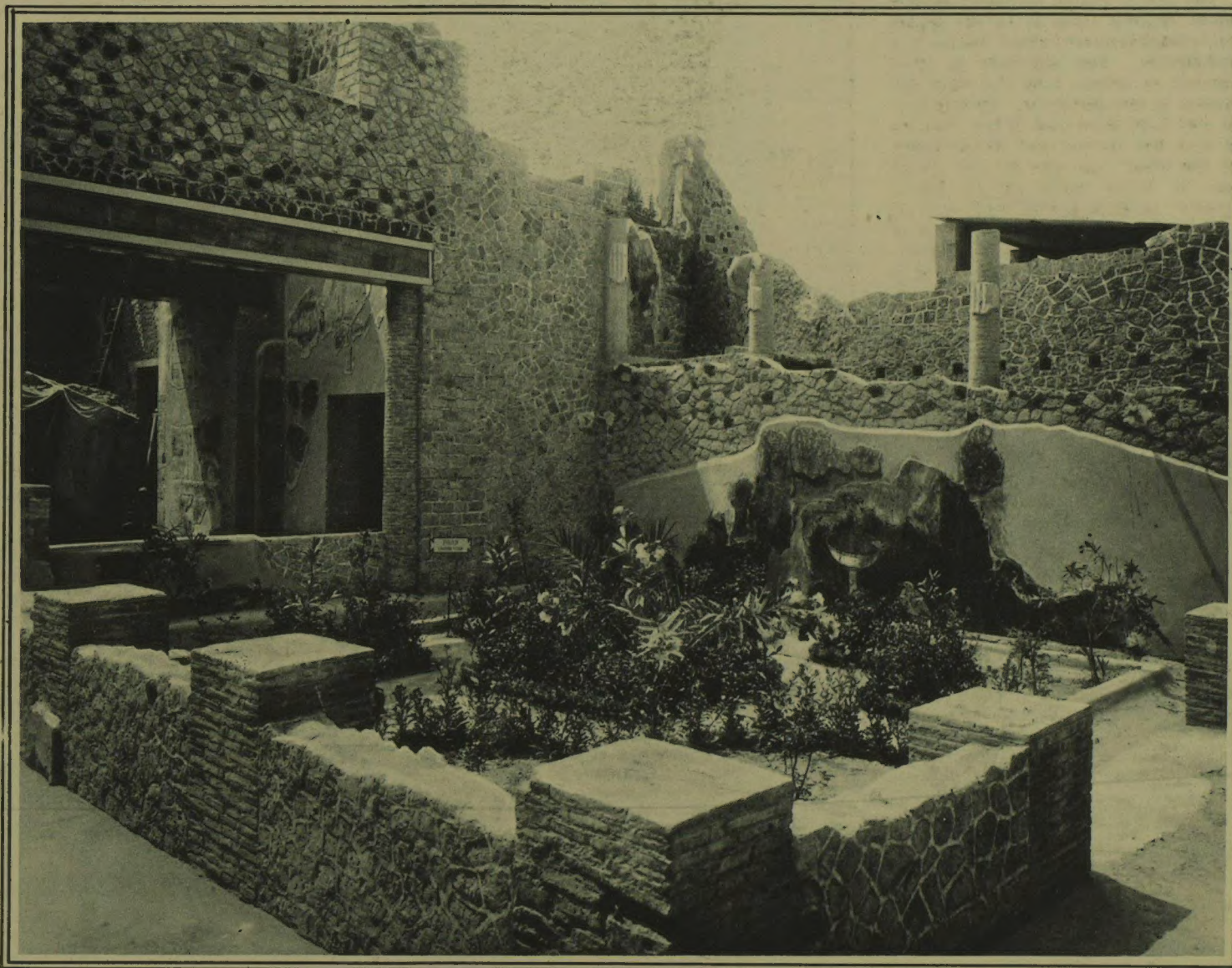
HERCULANEUM RESURRECTED AFTER 1850 YEARS: EXCAVATED HOUSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF CAMPANIAN ANTIQUITIES. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



AN ANCIENT ROMAN TOWN UNEARTHED BENEATH THIRTY FEET OF SOLIDIFIED MUD FROM THE GREAT ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS IN A.D. 79: THE RESULT OF THE FIRST YEAR'S EXCAVATIONS AT HERCULANEUM—HOUSES AT THE WESTERN END, SHOWING (ON LEFT) NEW DIGGINGS TOWARDS THE CENTRE AND THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE FINEST OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TWO-STOREY HOUSES IN HERCULANEUM: A VIEW SHOWING THE GARDEN (REPLANTED WITH SEEDS AND SHRUBS FROM POMPEII), FRAGMENTS OF FRESCO ON THE FAR WALL, AND THE ORIGINAL BEAM (NOW PROTECTED WITH A FRAMEWORK OF IRON AND GLASS) OVER THE LARGE "WINDOW" OPENING.



The discoveries made during the new excavations at Herculaneum have proved even more interesting than was expected, throwing much new light on Roman architecture of the first century. Many houses have been found, with wooden furniture finely carved and well preserved, and wooden stairs (as illustrated on the opposite page) to an upper storey. In a patrician's house is a wooden entrance leading to the *atrium*, with a *gynaeceum* (women's apartments), *impluvium* (basin for rain-water) and *compluvium* (reservoir for catching and storing it). Works of art so far found include bronze statues of Diana, Apollo, Mercury,

Plenty, and Silence, with a marble statue of a Phrygian slave, glass vases, and terra-cotta ornaments. They are to remain in the exact positions where they were found. Of our upper photograph Professor Halbherr writes: "Beyond the last line of buildings is visible part of a new street. Excavations are now proceeding on the left side of the block, in search of the *Decumanus maximus*, *thermae*, and *forum*; that is, the centre of the town with the temples and public buildings." Of the lower photograph he says: "This house is the finest among those most recently discovered, preserving fragments of rich wall paintings."

Tormented by Ghosts: "Windy-Witted" Women.

By FULAHN, Late of the Native Administrative Service, East Africa.

THE unruly ghost, of which one hears occasionally in Europe, even in London, would be hailed as a familiar spook by the Swahilis of East Africa, where women are frequently tormented by angry, spiteful spirits!

the tormented woman leaps into a frantic dance. The devil-doctor hands her a red-clay-smeared *rungu*, or wooden club, with which she beats herself, and anybody standing handy. Faster and faster thump the drums as, stamping her feet to the clash of her

the devil-doctor's whining voice rises above the din in mystic incantations. Swiftly he dips a calabash into the steaming pot and dashes the water into the woman's face. "*Taja jina, upepo!* Name thy name, ghost!" he shrieks.



"WINDY-WITTED" WOMEN: TWO SWAHILIS WHO HAVE BEEN SEIZED BY AIR-SPIRITS PHOTOGRAPHED AT A DANCE OF GHOST-EXORCISM—THEIR HEADS SWATHED TO KEEP THE UPEPO FROM BURSTING THROUGH THE SKULL.



BEATING THEMSELVES AND ONE ANOTHER WITH RED-CLAY-SMEARED WOODEN CLUBS: THE POSSESSED WOMEN DURING THE FRANTIC DANCE OF EXORCISM, WHICH ENDS IN EXHAUSTION AND IN FALLING TO THE GROUND DAZED.

To see a native woman strolling through the bazaar in Mombasa suddenly throw herself upon the ground in a paroxysm of frenzied terror, shrieking and struggling with an unseen assailant, is no rare event. Native passers-by pick her up and carry her with haste to her home, where her husband promptly sends for a devil-doctor. His wife, he would explain, is merely *wazi-wazi*, or windy-witted, having been seized by a *upepo*, or air-spirit—most likely the ghost of some dead but disgruntled uncle whose grave or memory has been slighted. But the devil-doctor soon puts the woman right!

Accompanied by drummers with *ngoma*, or ox-hide tom-toms, the *mchawi*, or devil-doctor, is an awe-inspiring figure in girdles of lion-pelt, snake-skins, and necklets of claws and knuckle-bones, and belted with little gourds which hold his *dawa* and *irizi*, or "magic" medicines and charms. Squatting in the courtyard of the hut, his assistants bang their drums, summoning by the appalling din the neighbours, friends and relatives of the tormented woman, who, by banging old cans, boxes, gourds, and buckets, add to the ear-splitting pandemonium.

The devil-doctor builds a fire and sets on it an earthen pot, or *chungu*, full of rain-water, into which he tips "magic" medicine. Meanwhile, the women of the house have held their stricken sister, have tied broad thongs of metal bells to her ankles, bound her head tightly in a cloth to prevent *kupasuka kitwa*, or the *upepo*, bursting through her skull, and have smeared her hands, arms, face, and neck in thick red clay. Led into the uproar of the courtyard,



CLUBS IN HANDS AND BELLED ABOUT THE ANKLES: THE WOMEN POSSESSED BY GHOSTS STAMPING THEIR FEET TO THE THUMPING OF THE DRUMS.

ankle bells, the woman screams an incoherent chant and lashes herself into a dancing frenzy.

Soon she begins to stagger with exhaustion, the drums tone down to a syncopated, jerky beat, and

Braced by the shock of the hot water, the possessed woman stands stock still for a second, gazing dazedly at the awe-stricken crowd; then, swaying, she falls in a crumpled heap upon the ground. Seizing from her grasp the wooden club, the devil-doctor smashes the water-pot sizzling on the fire, and, swiftly rummaging amongst the hissing ashes, drags out some such trifles as a knife and a bracelet which everyone immediately recognises as belonging to the woman or her husband. "Ha! It is the ghost of So-and-So who has seized this woman and concealed these things in my magic pot!" cries the devil-doctor, naming some dead relative of the afflicted woman.

Gasping with astonishment, the crowd shouts approval, and then breaks into a wild drum-dance as the poor woman, coming to, raises dazed, frightened eyes to her friends. She is led to her hut for a bath and a stimulating drink; and an hour later, fit and well, she may be seen in the bazaar buying new clothes to replace those ruined with red clay!

Next dawn she will make an offering of fruit and rice to the departed relative whose ghost tormented her, as proved by the knife and bracelet which none other than the ghost could have put in the pot! How else would they be there? Maybe the devil-doctor knows; but he has pocketed his fee and gone to cure other ghost-tormented women. He is a busy knave, since *upepo* ghosts torment women every day. He cures, too—despite his savage methods—a malady the cause and cure of which are still among the unsolved mysteries of twentieth-century medical science!



WOMEN TORMENTED BY GHOSTS: SWAHILIS WITH THEIR HEADS BOUND TO PREVENT THE AIR-SPIRITS BURSTING THROUGH THEIR SKULLS, AND WITH THEIR FACES SMEARED WITH THICK RED CLAY.



WITH THEIR HUSBAND, AN EDUCATED GOVERNMENT CLERK! TWO SWAHILI WOMEN. AN HOUR OR TWO AFTER THE GHOSTS THAT HAD POSSESSED THEM HAD BEEN EXORCISED BY THE ARTS OF THE DEVIL-DOCTOR.

WINTER IN DISTURBED AFGHANISTAN: THE KING AND QUEEN; BRITISH RESIDENTS; A PANORAMA OF KABUL.



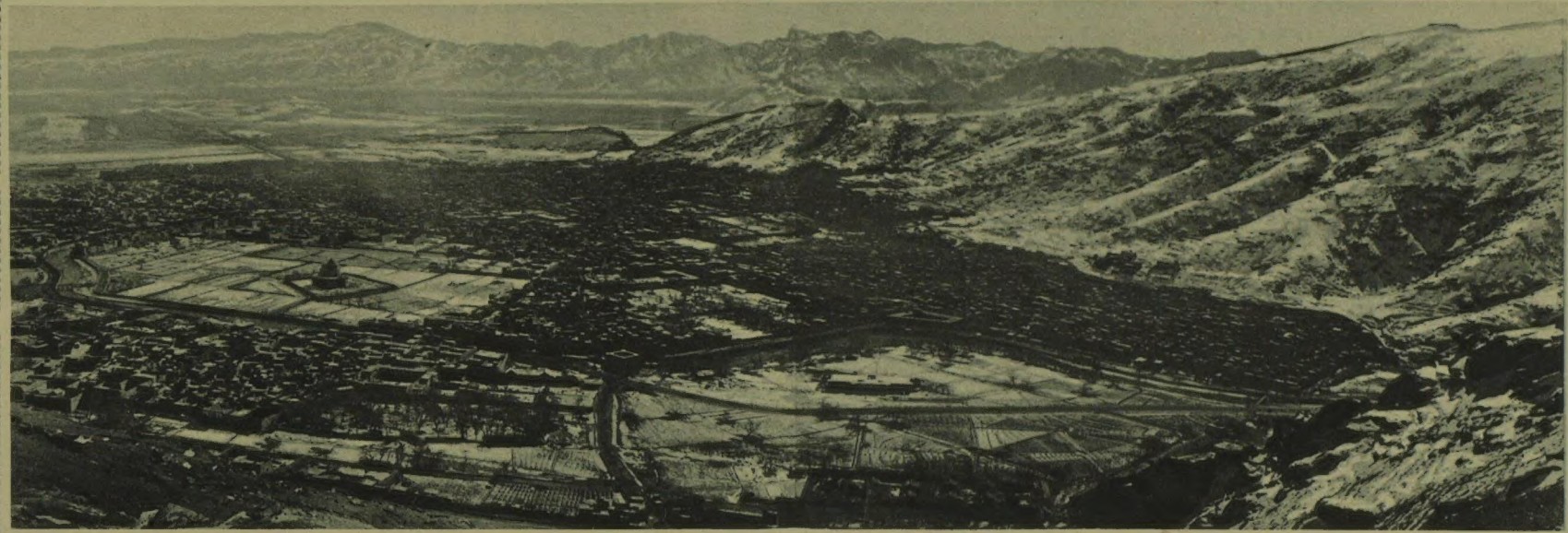
WITH QUEEN SURAYYA (LIGHTLY VEILED):
KING AMANULLAH TO LEFT OF TELEGRAPH
POLE ON HIS RETURN TO KABUL.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRITISH LEGATION (TWO MILES OUT OF
KABUL, NEAR THE DISTANT VILLAGE ON LEFT): A VIEW OF
THE LOFTY PAGHMAN RANGE FROM THE AFGHAN CAPITAL.



COMMEMORATING 750 AFGHANS KILLED IN
SUPPRESSING A PREVIOUS REBELLION: THE
AFGHAN-MANGAL WAR MEMORIAL.



KABUL DURING ITS INTENSELY COLD WINTER: THE AFGHAN CAPITAL, IN A VALLEY 6000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, AMID BARREN MOUNTAIN RANGES—A PANORAMA
OF THE EASTERN END, SHOWING THE KABUL RIVER, WITH THE PRINCIPAL BAZAARS, ON THE LEFT; THE ROAD TO INDIA ON THE LEFT OF THE FAMOUS
BALA HISSAR FORT; AND THE SLOPES OF SHER DARWAZA ("CITY GATE") HILL ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE.



THE BRITISH MINISTER IN KABUL:
LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR FRANCIS
HUMPHRYS.



BRITISH RESIDENTS IN KABUL ATTIIRED FOR WINTER SPORT: (L. TO R.) MAJOR
DODD, MRS. KIRKBRIDE, MRS. FRASER-TYLER, DICK GOULD, CAPTAIN KIRKBRIDE,
MRS. GOULD, BOB GOULD, AND MISS PULFORD.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER
IN KABUL: LADY HUMPHRYS,
THERE DURING THE REBELLION.

It was reported on December 18 that the rebels had attacked Kabul and that King Amanullah and Queen Surayya had taken refuge in a fort. Efforts were made from India to communicate with the British Legation in Kabul by aeroplane, and one machine was fired at and had to come down. The Air Ministry announced on the 19th that it had landed safely in the Kabul aerodrome. Its occupants were said to have reached the Legation. A second aeroplane read a ground-message at the Legation, saying: "All's well." The Legation is situated two miles west of Kabul. The rebel attack began from the west on December 14, but it was believed the rebels declared they had no desire to harm the Legation. The Legation personnel was said to include twelve British and Indian women and eight children. Besides Lady Humphrys, and Mrs. B. J.

(Continued opposite.)



WIFE OF THE COUNSELLOR TO THE
BRITISH LEGATION: MRS. GOULD (LEFT),
HER SONS, AND MISS PULFORD.



IN KABUL WITH THEIR PAR-
ENTS DURING THE REBEL-
LION: BOB AND DICK GOULD.

Gould (wife of the Counsellor of the Legation), with her two sons, it was thought that the party included Miss Pulford and Mrs. Sargent, and possibly Lady Bray and her daughter, who had been staying there. In all there are from 300 to 400 British Indian subjects in Kabul, some of them being Sikhs and Hindus. A note on our first photograph (top left) is as follows: "King Amanullah's return to Kabul, on July 1, 1928. He is seen (to left of the base of a telegraph pole) standing in his big Rolls-Royce, and surrounded by his personal bodyguard, all recruited from his own family. Queen Surayya, lightly veiled, is in the car beside him. It was the first time an Afghan Queen had appeared in public with the King." Her face, thus veiled, may be distinguished in the photograph just to the right of two men of the bodyguard standing above her.

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA." By ARNOLD ZWEIG.*

(PUBLISHED BY MARTIN SECKER.)

SERGEANT Grischa Ilyitch Paprotkin, Knight of the Cross of St. George and Prisoner No. 173 in the German camp at Navarischkij, was loading a railway-truck with graded beams for the Front, and, as he laboured, he prayed for pliers, and saw that his handiwork was good. "He had a jest for every man," this hero of Przemysl, but the geese were flying home, eastward. "That very night he would start on his way to Marfa Ivanovna, and his little Jelisavetja, whom he had never yet seen. As a stone falls, so his mind was set." He left a hiding-hole in the stack of timber.

In the tempest and the tumult of a storm, crawling, fearful, swearing, he cut the wire and scuttled to the line. "In a tube-shaped hollow encased in the resinous wood he stretched himself full length . . . laughed aloud, and shook with that great laughter, his shirt drenched in sweat, and shivering all over, in the narrow, sharp-edged, coffin-like recess. It was hard lying; he could move but little. But he could laugh; and his eyes must have shone in the darkness like those of a panther which has burst its bars at last. . . . While the stokers cursed softly at the wretched briquettes, the engine breasted the wind that blustered round it as if to check its eastward course, towards Russia!"

Terror was upon him and pain, and the stench and the sawdust sickened him. "His body revolted. About three o'clock on the morning of the fourth day . . . he carefully lifted the planks above his head and looked about him." Powdering the snow with his greased boots, stumbling, he lurched into the dead forest, in his hands a discarded carnival grotesque, the ribs of an old umbrella he had kicked against. Bending the steel, he fashioned a bow and tiny arrows, and shot his food like a hunter of old; but for the lighting of his fire he had "buttons" of high explosive used for howitzers.

And so he came to the outlaws and to Babka, the grey-haired "grandmother" of twenty-four, the daughter whose father and brothers had been shot for concealing arms; the she-wolf, and the mistress. In passion and possession, he was held to the breast of the woman, and then he passed on; but it was not as Grischa Ilyitch Paprotkin, Sergeant and Knight of the Cross of St. George. The "Babka" who was Anna Kyrillovna sped him to his destiny. "In the morning when Grischa stood before her for the last time alone, clad in the patched and threadbare uniform of a Russian infantryman, with her own hands she hung round his neck the copper identification disc of Private Bjuscheff—and he, too, had been Babka's man and an honest Russian soldier"—Ilya Pavlovitch Bjuscheff, who had deserted and died.

Down-stream he went, with the newly-hewn logs, and in due time strode into the open country, plodding up-stream. "In those days many strange rumours went to and fro among what was called the civil population. . . . Footsteps had been heard at night near this or that village down by the Niemen; some said that between the tree-trunks at the edge of a misty meadow a ghostly figure had been seen. . . . The boys of the village, Jewish and Lithuanian, and later even the White Russians, whose heads are stuffed with stories and fairy-tales—the boys, at any rate, had quite made up their minds there was a ghost about, 'The Soldier of the Tsar.' He was taller than a juniper bush, and wore his beard knotted behind his neck, so that he should not step on it. He carried his musket on his shoulder; his eye-sockets were, of course, empty; and thus he marched . . ." and vanished into an empty "Datsche" on the high ground of Mervinsk—Private Ilya Pavlovitch Bjuscheff, once Grischa Ilyitch Paprotkin, Knight of the Cross of St. George and Prisoner No. 173.

Then arrest, as a certain Bjuscheff, who, as the evidence clearly proved, had been spying for some time behind the German front; and sentence of death. The tragedy had begun. The puny man was tangled in the wheels of the remorseless, rending machine.

The hour; and the Kriegsgerichtsrat spoke, hoarsely, seeking to control his voice: "In the name of his Majesty the Emperor: in pursuance of Order E.V. No. 141211, the deserter, Ilya Pavlovitch Bjuscheff, convicted of espionage on his own confession, was condemned to death

on the third of May, 1917. No appeal will lie against this sentence, which hereby becomes effective. It will be carried out by the Ortskommandantur, to whose authority the condemned man is hereby transferred. Mervinsk, 4th May, 1917. Von Lychow, Lieutenant-General. For and on behalf of the Divisional Court Martial. Signatures follow."

"The light of reason faded from Grischa's eyes"; but in his cell he suddenly laughed, monstrosly, madly. "Laughter scares away death. Once again he would scare away the infernal beast. This time it was Bjuscheff whom he'd nearly allowed to devour him—him, Sergeant Grischa Ilyitch! 'No! pascholl! To hell with you!' And half in relief and half in agony he beat his hands

Master General, is convinced that the legal aspect of the case is of very slight importance compared with the military and political interests involved. In order to maintain the prestige of our courts and in the interests of military discipline, it is necessary that the proposal to revise the condemned prisoner's sentence should be rejected as unwarranted, and, further, as prejudicial to the interests of the State. The execution of the sentence, which was legally imposed and is hereby confirmed, is to be officially reported here. For C.-in-C., Ost: on behalf of C.Q.M.G.: Wilhelmi, Kriegsgerichtsrat."

"Full stop," said Posnanski, and after a pause: "And I see that it is marked in pencil 'Seen: Sch.' which is unusual but, of course, perfectly in order."

Expediency had strangled Justice. As he had suffered and hoped in the beginning, so Sergeant Grischa had to suffer to the end, without a chance, with Nature even against him—a pitiful, lonely figure, worried and torn by lynx-like, inexorable Fate, a shadow staggering across the vast background of the war, battered and bewildered, despairing, desolate, a slave and a butt, and, above all, a sign, outward and visible.

Said Tawje, the carpenter: "'It's a queer business; it's like two dogs tugging at a lead, and you're the lead. The stronger dog pulls the other off his legs, but the other may have sharper teeth and bite it through. Or you're like a bone two dogs are quarrelling over; the stronger one tears it away from the other, but the one with the sharper teeth breaks the bone. There's meaning in everything if you look for it. . . . And if you want to understand the meaning of anything, you must find out who's going to be affected by it. If two men throw dice, the result is important for one or the other, but not for the dice.'

"Grischa listened eagerly. 'I'm not a dice or a dog's lead. Christ died on the Cross for me too.' And Tawje, as he passed his hand over the smooth surface of the two planed edges, answered:

"That may be, but what says the kopek? 'I've no right side or wrong side' either; just an eagle and a date; and I too have come out of the minting-machine." And yet man does what he likes with it."

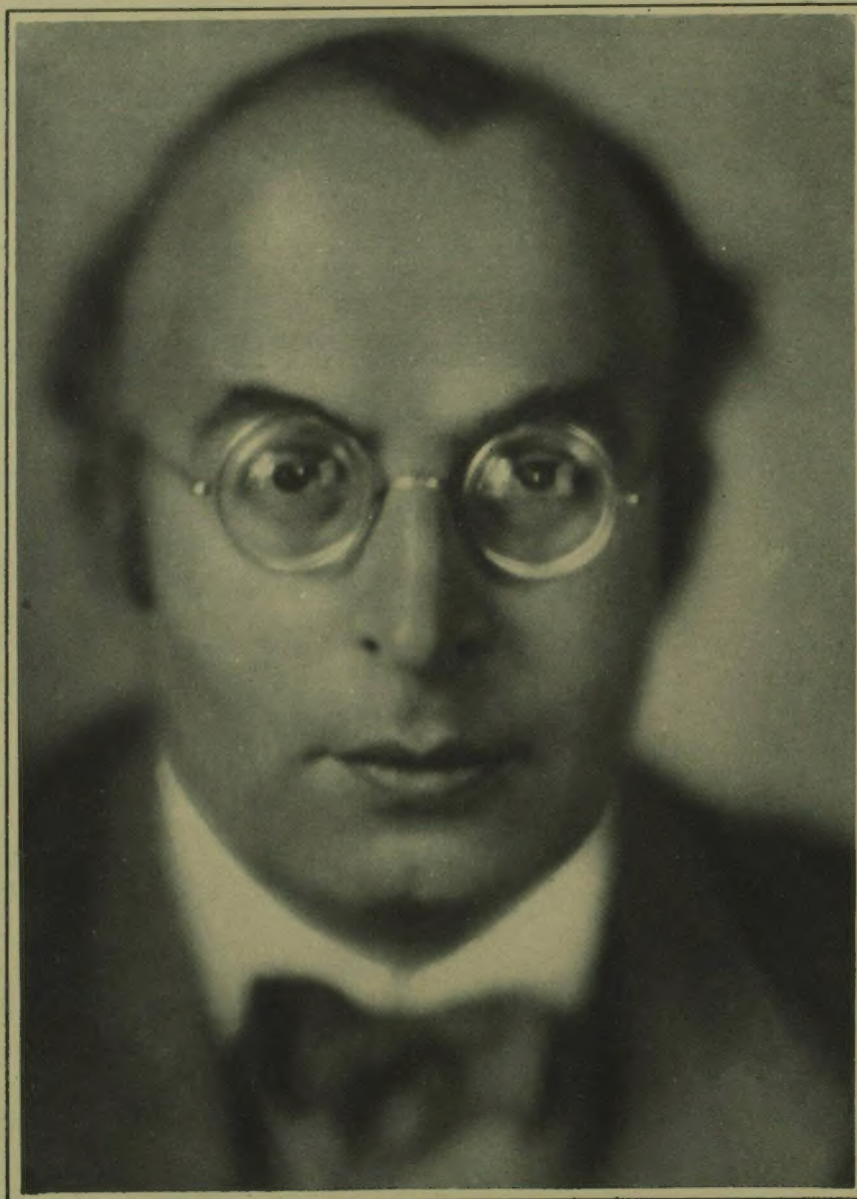
Thus it was that Grischa chose his coffin, and dug his grave in the frozen heart of Mother Earth, and shambled to Eternity: "Two files in front of him and two behind, and Grischa in the middle. . . . The horses' harness clinked and there was much rattling of chains against leather; the soldiers' heavy laced boots, sixteen pairs of them, crunched in unison into the snow that now began to grow harder, their bayonets beat rhythmically against their thighs, and on their shoulders the rifles creaked on the leather straps, sometimes knocking sharply against the steel helmets. This marching body made its own peculiar noises, and had a heart that was full of fear; that heart was Grischa."

The gravel wall the bullets could not harm; prayer; the blindfolding; "Fire!"; a huddled heap; and the Doctor's verdict: "Quite dead; perfectly satisfactory; that's what we call the Hippocrates smile."

Since the Great War shrunk to the Great Wrangle, it has been asked: "How is it that the biggest of all conflicts, the first fight-to-a-finish involving both Peoples and professionals, has not produced a really big book?" The question will be put no more. "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" is the answer.

Let the summing-up be that of Feuchtwanger, the author of "Jew Suss": "Sergeant Grischa, drawn into the mechanism of German martial law and war policy, becomes one of those grand symbolic figures whose significance extends beyond their times. . . . He is a type of the man-in-the-war, one of the forty million soldiers who suffered, kicked against the pricks, and resigned themselves to be pawns in the great game. And beyond that again, without a word of comment from the author, merely because of his life and his fate, he grows into a figure symbolical of the poor man everywhere, good-natured, unwitting, yet full of instinctive wisdom and born to oppression. For the power which has created him is that from which spring the folk-songs and folk-tales, heightened by the art of a master, and the intuitive, positive indignation of a deeply stirred man."

E. H. G.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA": ARNOLD ZWEIG.

together as before, and laughed. 'He's not the man! He's saved! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Now for it!'

"And that was why the prisoner Bjuscheff laughed." But the Gods laughed, too, and their roaring muffled the exultations of the living-dead.

Babka knew, she who had tramped to him bare-footed, selling mushrooms and wild berries, bearing his unborn babe. Von Lychow believed; Posnanski, Winfried, Bertin, Sister Barbe, and Sister Sophie, and, almost, they immolated themselves on the altar of truth. But Schieffenzahn, Quarter-Master-General and autocrat, had his say. Posnanski spoke to von Lychow: "He took up a sheet attached to the file and covered with bold type-script; from this he read aloud.

"Contents noted, and returned. After consultation with the Chief of the General Staff, the Commander-in-Chief requests that the sentence of the Divisional Court Martial be upheld, and that for the execution of the death-penalty the prisoner be handed over in the customary manner to the Ortskommandantur, Mervinsk.

"Even if the identity of the condemned man Bjuscheff with a certain Paprotkin, a prisoner of war, who deserted from the Navarischkij timber-camp for prisoners of war, has been shown to be to some extent probable, higher considerations make it undesirable that such identity should be successfully established, inasmuch as the Commander-in-Chief, in full concurrence with the Quarter-

* "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." By Arnold Zweig. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. (Martin Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: RANGOON; "AFRICAN" FRÉJUS; JERUSALEM.



THE VISIT OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA AND LADY IRWIN TO BURMA: THEIR EXCELLENCIES ON THE ROYAL LAKE, IN A STATE BARGE TOWED BY BOATS ROWED BY MEN AND WOMEN, AT A GARDEN-PARTY AT RANGOON.

The Viceroy and Lady Irwin arrived at Rangoon on the morning of November 19, and ships and streets were decorated in their honour. In the course of his reply to the Corporation's welcome, his Excellency said that he trusted that the trip would enable him to acquire knowledge which



THE VICEROY DURING HIS VISIT TO RANGOON: A "CLOSE-UP" OF LORD IRWIN IN THE STATE BARGE WITH THE MAYOR OF RANGOON SEATED ON HIS LEFT.

would be of value when Burmese problems came before him. Rangoon itself, it may be noted, has been growing in importance for many years, which is, perhaps, little to be wondered at when not only its natural advantages are recalled, but it is remembered that Burma is ranked as the most literate Province in the Indian Empire, "far ahead of India in primary education," says the "Statesman's Year-Book."



A NATIVE VILLAGE BUILT ON THE RIVIERA FOR FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS: THE SACRED TREE THAT IS "TABU" (CENTRE); TOGETHER WITH SOME HUTS.

The correspondent who sends us these photographs writes: "Visitors to the Riviera little dream that within a few miles of Saint Raphael they can find themselves translated into what, to all intents and purposes, might be equatorial Africa, Annam, or Cochin-China. Near Fréjus there



IN THE NATIVE VILLAGE FOR FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS, NEAR ST. RAPHAEL: A MOSQUE BUILT BY THE MEN—AND (FOREGROUND) AN ARTIFICIAL ANT-HILL.

exists a huge dépôt for the training of French Colonial troops, who are drawn from many nations, and there, recently, a most interesting spectacle took place—the inauguration of a Mohammedan Mosque and a native village for the use and enjoyment of the soldiers in question. Both Mosque and village were made by the men themselves; and the latter is an exact reproduction, complete even to giant ant-hills, and with a sacred tree which is "tabu."



THE ARRIVAL OF SIR JOHN CHANCELLOR, THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE, AT JERUSALEM: SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THEIR ELDERS WAITING TO SEE HIS EXCELLENCY DRIVE FROM THE JAFFA GATE TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Sir John Chancellor, the new High Commissioner for Palestine, arrived at Jerusalem from Kantara on December 6, and was met at the station by the Acting High Commissioner, Mr. H. C. Luke. His Excellency then went to the Jaffa Gate, where an address of welcome was read by the Mayor

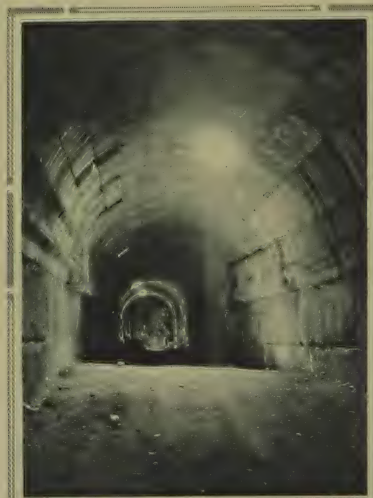


THE COMING OF THE "GREEN-FOOTED MESSENGER," THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE: SIR JOHN CHANCELLOR WELCOMED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT JERUSALEM STATION BY MR. H. C. LUKE, THE ACTING HIGH COMMISSIONER.

of Jerusalem. This was in Arabic, and was translated into English and Hebrew. The High Commissioner then proceeded to Government House. The Arabs call him the "Green-footed messenger," for there was rain at his coming, and the term is proverbially used of a guest who brings rain.

UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM: HIDDEN ANTIQUITIES IN THE

HOLY CITY THAT IS THE CENTRE OF CHRISTENDOM.



THE GREAT TUNNEL BENEATH THE HILL OF DAVID:
A SUBSTANTIAL RELIC OF ANCIENT MASONRY.



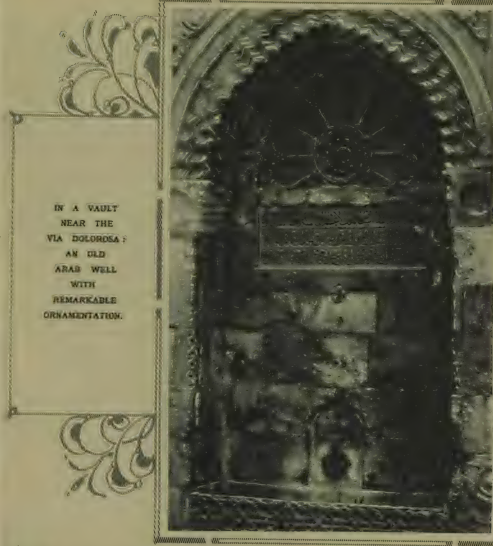
THE ENTRANCE
TO A
GALLERY
LEADING
TO THE
MONASTERY
OF
ST. ANNE,
ON THE HILL
OF DAVID.



IN THE MOSQUE
OF AKSA,
BELIEVED TO
STAND ON A
SIXTH-CENTURY
CHURCH BUILT
BY JUSTINIAN:
STAIRS TO
THE "STABLES
OF SOLOMON"
BELOW.



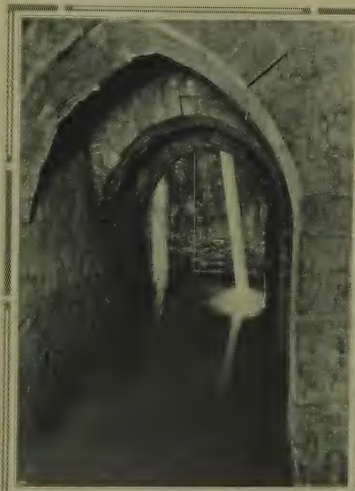
THE SO-CALLED "STABLES OF SOLOMON" UNDER THE MOSQUE
OF AKSA: VAULTS NOT EARLIER THAN HEROD, BUT USED AS
STABLES BY CRUSADERS.



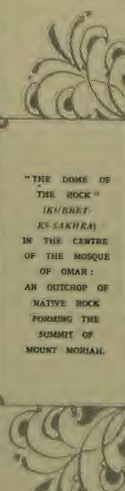
IN A VAULT
NEAR THE
VIA DOLOROSA:
AN OLD
ARAB WELL
WITH
REMARKABLE
ORNAMENTATION.



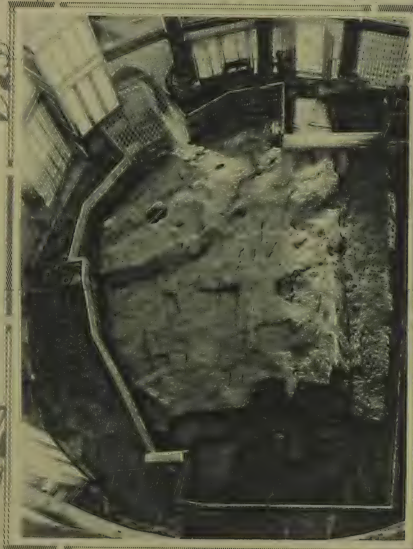
OLD ROMAN WALL DECORATION IN THE "ECCE HOMO" CHAPEL:
A CURIOUS REPRESENTATION OF A WHEELED STRUCTURE.



"THE AIR IS VERY DAMP IN THESE SUBTERRANEAN HALLS,
WHICH ARE DESCRIBED BY THE APOSTLE ST. JOHN":
THE POOL OF BETHESDA, UNDERGROUND.



"THE DOME OF
THE ROCK"
(KUBBET-
ES-SAKHRA)
IN THE CENTRE
OF THE MOSQUE
OF OMAR:
AN OUTCROP OF
NATIVE ROCK
FORMING THE
SUMMIT OF
MOUNT MORIAH.



Describing the subterranean wonders of the Holy City, a German writer says: "If one imagines old Jerusalem as a gigantic square, all the tunnels, halls, and rooms underground are to be found in the eastern side, looking towards the Mount of Olives. . . . When one arrives at the Damascus Gate from the Temple Hill, one is struck by the magnificence of the Mosque of Omar, containing 'the Dome of the Rock' (*Kubbet-es-Sakhra*). This is supposed to be the spot where Abraham offered Isaac in sacrifice. In coming out of the Mosque, one wonders where was the Temple, which comprised so many courts and halls, and of which one can now find comparatively little. The fact is that it lies buried underneath. A small excursion towards the south of the Aksa Mosque fully bears this out. This ornate Mosque was once undoubtedly a Christian church, dedicated to the Virgin in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. . . . Below there is the gigantic vaulted hall, which is supported by numerous columns and is popularly known as Solomon's Stables. In spite of its name, this spot does not date further back than the time of Herod, but, on the other hand, it was undoubtedly used as a stable by the Crusaders and Templars. That excavations

will find further vaults and halls is proved by the discovery of the underground bridge extension, found on the northerly plateau of the Haram. Near the Via Dolorosa are more remains of underground Jerusalem. Inside the walls towards the north of the Temple Square, is St. Stephen's Gate, and there is to be found the chapel of St. Anne. After crossing a yard rich in ancient remains, one comes to a sort of ante-hall, on the walls of which the story of the Sick Man of Bethesda is described in several languages. Through another court one reaches a steep stair down to where the Pool of Bethesda used to be. The air is very damp in these subterranean halls, which are described by the Apostle St. John. That we are in a real part of ancient Jerusalem, now lying buried beneath the actual town, is proved by the fact that from here there is a way which is supposed to lead one direct from the Monastery of St. Anne to the City of David. Not far from this Chapel lies hidden, at the beginning of the Via Dolorosa, the Zion Cloister with the Ecce Homo Chapel. One can wander for hours in these underground passages without coming to an end of them."

A FLOWERING OF ART IN THE EAST END: LONDON

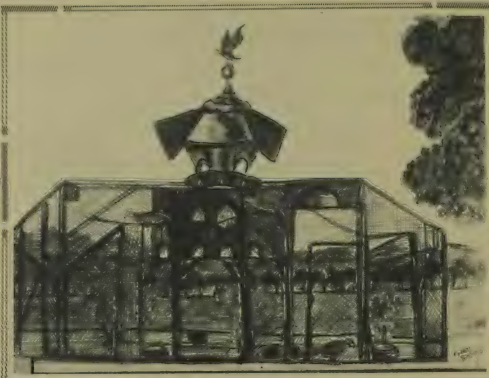
BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR

WORKERS' PICTURES TO BE SHOWN AT THE TATE GALLERY.

OF THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY.



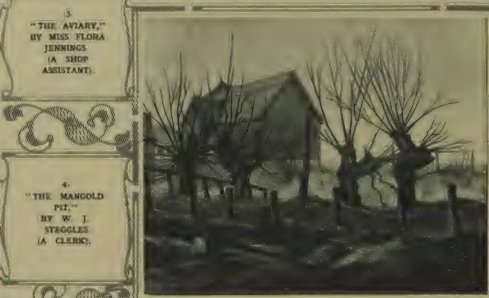
1. "THE GOLD FISH AND THE HORSE," BY B. R. SWINNERTON (A PACKING-CASE MAKER).



3. "THE AVIARY," BY MISS FLORA JENNINGS (A SHOP ASSISTANT).



2. "THE HAT ON THE FLOOR," BY HENRY SILK (A BASKET-MAKER).



4. "THE MANGOLD PIT," BY W. J. STEGGLE (A CLERK).



5. "THE DUST BIN," BY ALBERT TURPIN (A WINDOW-CLEANER).



6. "HAMSTEAD HEATH," BY D. MARTIN (A COMMISSION-AIRE).



7. "A SNOWY DAY," BY H. STEGGLE (A CLERK).



8. "A GARDEN IN BOW," BY MISS GRACE OSOFT (A SHOP ASSISTANT).



9. "THE DEAD FLAMINGO" (DECORATION FOR THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, BY ARCHIBALD HATTEMORE (A PIPE INSPECTOR)).



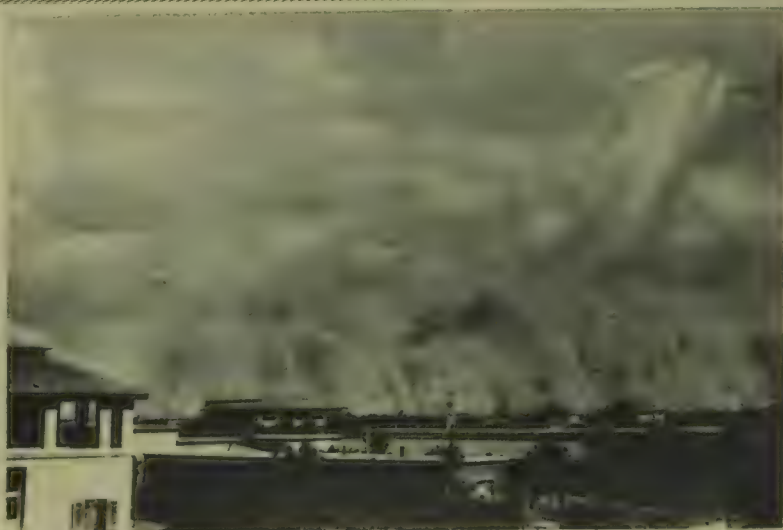
10. "THE FIREPLACE," BY ELWIN HAWTHORNE (A CASUAL LABOURER).

A remarkable efflorescence of artistic talent in the drab district of London east of Aldgate Pump has lately attracted critics and connoisseurs, and crowds of fashionable folk from the West End, to the first annual Exhibition of the East London Art Club at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. This very interesting art movement owes its inspiration to Mr. John Cooper, president of the club, which has a membership of forty. He formed the club nine months ago in response to a demand from a body of young artists who for about four years have met in the Art Room of the Bow and Bromley Evening Institute. They are all working men and women who devote themselves to painting in their spare time. They seek for beauty in their own surroundings, and have not come under foreign influences. Their first exhibition was made possible by the financial support of Sir Joseph Duveen, patron of the club, and Sir Charles Wakefield, who

established a fund for the framing of pictures. Among others who have helped financially are Lord Burnham, Lord Melchett, Mr. Samuel Courtald, and Mr. Arnold Bennett. Free lectures on the technique of drawing and painting are given to the members by Mr. W. Richard Sickert, P.R.B.A., A.R.A. Nine of the pictures on view at Whitechapel have been bought privately by Sir Joseph Duveen, including Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, and 10, reproduced above. Five others have been bought by Mr. Charles Altken, Director of the Tate Gallery, including our Nos. 6 and 7. These fourteen pictures (the ten here reproduced and four others) are to be lent for exhibition at the Tate Gallery early in the New Year, and will doubtless attract great interest. The East London Art Club, it may be added, intends to hold a similar exhibition every year.

THE HABUB THAT TURNS DAYLIGHT ORANGE: A SUDAN SANDSTORM.

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1. A SANDSTORM APPROACHING KHARTOUM: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A ROOF NEAR THE CIVIC HOSPITAL AT OMDURMAN AT 4 P.M. ON OR ABOUT AUGUST 1 LAST.



4. AT 4.21 P.M. (THREE MINUTES LATER): THE GREAT SANDSTORM JUST BEGINNING TO ENVELOP THE TOWN, AND SHOWING UP DARK AGAINST THE SUNLIT SKY ABOVE.

1.
"One afternoon at the beginning of August," writes Dr. H. M. Elliott in sending us these interesting photographs from Omdurman, "my native servant called to me that there was a *Habub*, or sandstorm, coming up, and that I should not be able to go out on my pony. I noticed the light was dull, and went up on to my roof to see what was happening. About twenty miles away I saw the storm approaching, and went down to get my camera. The storm was coming from the south-east, but the wind, which was rising locally, was coming from the opposite direction, bringing with it some rain clouds, though only a few drops of rain fell, and this ceased at about 4.15 p.m. The photographs were taken at varying intervals of from five to three minutes, except for the last three, which were taken

[Continued in box 2.]



5. AT 4.23 P.M. (TWO MINUTES LATER): THE GIGANTIC CLOUD OF SAND ROLLING UP, AND CAUSING THE SUNLIGHT PASSING THROUGH IT TO TURN A BRILLIANT ORANGE COLOUR.



2. AT 4.10 P.M. (TEN MINUTES LATER): THE SANDSTORM COMING UP AGAINST THE WIND, THE FRONT PART APPEARING TO ROLL BACK LIKE A BREAKING WAVE REVERSED.

2.
at about one-minute intervals. As soon as I had taken the last one I bolted into the house through the only remaining open door and closed it and the shutters. The storm arrived just as I got inside. While it was passing overhead the light changed to a brilliant orange colour, due, I imagine, to the sun shining through the dust and sand. The storm passed completely in about fifteen minutes, and was followed by a slight shower, not heavy enough to stop me riding. Although the house had been closed as tightly as possible, everything in it was covered with a layer of dust, which, in fact, could be smelt as soon as the storm hit the house. The path of the storm was about twenty miles wide, and the speed of the wind probably about fifty miles per hour. As it approached, the front of the storm appeared to be rolling backwards (in the opposite direction to a breaking wave)."



3. AT 4.18 P.M. (EIGHT MINUTES LATER): THE SANDSTORM LOOMING UP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN LIKE A GIGANTIC FOREST, DWARFING THE BUILDINGS.



6. AT 4.24 P.M. (ONE MINUTE LATER): THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE THE SANDSTORM ARRIVED, COVERING EVERYTHING WITH DUST THAT COULD BE SMELT, DESPITE CLOSED DOORS AND SHUTTERS.

"THE TERROR OF THE DESERT": A SANDSTORM OVER THE PYRAMIDS.

FROM AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPT. ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, LATE R.A.F., F.R.P.S.



THE SCENE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FAMOUS GOLF DRIVE—THE TOP OF THE GREAT PYRAMID (IN FOREGROUND) IN IMPRESSIVE CONDITIONS: A WONDERFUL AIR VIEW OF A SANDSTORM.

A sandstorm, known in Egypt as "the terror of the desert," is an impressive spectacle from any point of view. On the opposite page we give photographs of one in the Sudan, taken from the roof of a house in Omdurman. Still more awe-inspiring is the wonderful air photograph reproduced above, showing a sandstorm approaching the Pyramids, and an aeroplane in flight above them. From right to left in this picture are seen the Great Pyramid of Cheops, the Second Pyramid (of Chephren), and the Third Pyramid, that of Menkure, the Mykerinos

of Herodotus, with a small pyramid beside it. The photograph shows very clearly the flat top of the Great Pyramid, from which, last September, the Prince of Wales made a historic drive with a golf ball, at the outset of the African tour from which he recently made so dramatic a return in consequence of King George's illness. Our issue of September 22, we may recall, included a photograph of a similar drive being made from the stone platform on the summit of the Great Pyramid. The space, of course, is somewhat circumscribed.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CASTING about for something appropriate to say on the door-step of 1929, I bethought me of some New Year lines penned by one of our wittiest poets just a century ago. Præd's "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine" begins with some rather close analogies to our national anxieties of to-day, which I trust may not become an exact parallel. His general motif in this seasonable poem is the dictum of Charles X.—"Rien n'est changé, mes amis!"

While sages prate, and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world, as it rolled through Twenty-eight,
Must roll through Twenty-nine.

It occurred to me also to see what that delightful chronicler of personal topicalities, Joseph Farington, "the Dictator of the Academy," was saying in the 'teens of last century, on similar occasions. Five New Years are traversed in the final volume of "THE FARINGTON DIARY." By Joseph Farington, R.A. Edited by James Greig. Vol. VIII. 19 May, 1815 to 30 December, 1821. With twelve illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s.). The diarist makes no particular comments on the turns of the years, but the entry for Jan. 1, 1819, gives an interesting glimpse of nocturnal London when gas was a new wonder in the days before electricity. "Dr. Hayes (says Farington) told us that Upper Charlotte Street is to have Gaslights substituted for the common lamps and that the expence to the Parishioners will not be greater than before."

It was exactly 107 years ago (on Dec. 29, 1821) that Farington wrote, in what was probably his last letter: "When longer days and favourable weather can be enjoyed I shall return to Charlotte Street, and not till then." That "shall"—unqualified by "D.V."—was a little too definite. His last entry, recording that he attended morning and afternoon service at Didsbury Church, on Dec. 30, was written before he set out for the evening service, from which he did not return alive. What happened is told by his niece—

The service concluded, he was descending from the Gallery where his Brother's Pew was—but his hands encumbered with Hat, Umbrella, and prayer-book—His feet equally so with Goggles, he was unable to recover from a slip of his feet and went down the flight of stairs with great rapidity and force.—Such as to project him beyond the Stairs. So that his head came with heavy fall on the pavement of the Church floor—The vital spark was gone. He neither looked, spoke, moved—or breathed again.

Such was the end of one who, after more than a hundred years, has come to be known as the Pepys of his generation. I wonder whether Farington realised that, in writing-up so assiduously his daily doings and talks on events and people of his time, he was erecting unto himself "a monument more enduring than brass."

Farington's last volume, chronicling Waterloo and the first lull after the Napoleonic thunders, offers at many points a parallel to our own time, and especially to such events and personalities as those figuring in such a book as "VERSAILLES." By Karl Friedrich Nowak. Translated by Norman Thomas and E. W. Dicks. Illustrated (Gollancz; 15s.). Here we have a vivid and ironic account, from a German point of view, of the making of the Peace Treaty, with incisive pen-portraits of the protagonists. "The signature was duly carried out (we read in the concluding chapter) on June 28, 1919, in the Mirror Hall at Versailles, on behalf of the German Reich, by . . . two lonely men in frock coats among countless uniforms and diplomatists' costumes glittering with gold lace. When night fell, Paris went mad amid a sea of pyrotechnics. Guns boomed from the roof of the Invalides. American soldiers, crazy with joy, wearing women's hats on their helmets in their excitement, ran wild along the Boulevards arm-in-arm with their triumphant French comrades. Every town in Germany hoisted mourning flags at half-mast." The book ends with a brief allusion to President Wilson's last, and tragic, speaking tour in the United States, on behalf of the Treaty, and his death at the White House on Feb. 3, 1924.

Since that triumphant day in Paris, the world has learnt more and more the difficulties of "ensuing" peace, as shown, for example, by the Bolivia-Paraguay imbroglio, a new test for the efficacy of the League of Nations. The League's chief English champion has collected some of his most memorable utterances in "THE WAY OF PEACE." Essays and Addresses. By Viscount Cecil. With Portrait (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.). Prepared for different occasions, these speeches and papers, taken together, constitute a confession of faith by a great worker for the world's welfare.

Lord Cecil pays a warm tribute to President Wilson. "He was a great American and a great citizen of the

world. There is no title to fame higher than that. . . I have two pictures of him in my mind. One is of his arrival in London after the Armistice. I see crowded streets, cheering multitudes. . . No foreign statesman or potentate has, I believe, ever been received as President Wilson was received . . . because he embodied the passionate aspiration of the peoples of the world for peace. . . Then I have another picture of him in a quiet house in Washington. . . He was broken in health, he had no longer any official position, his power was apparently gone. But his manner, his attitude of mind, remained unchanged. There was the same courtesy, calm and dignified, which I had known when I called upon him in his Presidential lodgings in Paris, and he talked to me just as he had talked to me then. And as I rose to go . . . he added these remarkable words: 'But remember we are winning. Make no concessions.'"

Another fine and important book concerned with world welfare, and, in particular with Anglo-American

as I have in all parts of the United States and been everywhere admitted to comradeship and intimacy without knowing for what they count. But they belong to the imponderables, which weigh most when one does not weigh too heavily upon them. It is a good rule in international as in domestic life not to presume on relationship, and above all not to give oneself the airs of an elderly relative. . . To face difficult questions candidly and fairly, to nurse no grievances which cannot be avowed and explored, and at all times to keep in touch, is all the advice that can be tendered to British and American Governments in their dealings with one another."

There is an interesting chapter on American religions in Mr. Spender's book, and he remarks in passing that "there are Elmer Gantrys and Sharon Faulkners in all countries." He does not mention, however (and perhaps they are not now there to be mentioned) such abnormal cults as some of those described in "RELIGIOUS FANATICISM." Extracts from the Papers of Hannah Whitall Smith. Edited with an Introduction by Ray Strachey (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.). This book contains the real facts that formed the basis of Mrs. Strachey's novel, "Shaken By The Wind," which elicited words of praise from Mr. Arnold Bennett. He suspected a historical foundation; and here it is. In the first part the author describes her grandmother's life and times, and the curious religious sects of America in the early and middle nineteenth century. The second part is Hannah Smith's own record of her peculiar experiences.

Among other examples of fanaticism, there are some extraordinary revelations here concerning Laurence Oliphant and his theory of spiritual counterparts. Referring generally to these and other "queer beliefs and practices," Mrs. Strachey writes: "Neither psycho-analysis nor history can explain the impulse which drove the false prophets out into their fantastic and erotic search for truth; and until we understand them we cannot fully judge them." It will be gathered that this is hardly a book to be recommended for family reading.

There are touches of eroticism, but not of the religious type, in "RHAPSODY." A Dream Novel. By Arthur Schnitzler. With Illustrations by Donia Nachshen (Constable; 42s.), a limited edition of one thousand copies clothed in a dainty binding, and beautifully printed in decorative style with broad margins to the page. Nor is the erotic element neglected in the drawings. Yet this phase in the story of a young doctor and his wife, and their dream-land experiences, is far from being its most outstanding characteristic. There is a quality about the writing which denotes mastery of style and tersely vivid narrative. Nothing is said as to the book being a translation.

In view of Præd's allusion to the stellar system, which, it may be hoped, will remain the same in 'twenty-nine as in 'twenty-eight, I will conclude by mentioning an admirable work on popular astronomy—"THE SUN, THE STARS, AND THE UNIVERSE." By W. M. Smart, F.R.A.S., John Couch Adams Astronomer and Chief Assistant in the University Observatory, Cambridge. With Twenty Plates and numerous Diagrams (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). It is intended "for that section of the general public interested in scientific progress," and "the use of technical language has been avoided as far as possible." There is no technicality, for instance, but an almost Præd-like levity, in a parody of "Sally in our Alley," written by "a distinguished astronomer" on the return of Halley's Comet in 1910. It begins thus—

Of all the objects in the sky
There's none like Comet Halley;
We see it with the naked eye
And periodically.

Recent rumours that Mars was signalling to the Earth, with geometrical signs writ large on the planet's surface, led me to discover what Mr. Smart might have to say on the possibility of its being inhabited. He does not encourage the idea. "The earth," he writes, "teems with life in every form; the moon is cold and dead; somewhere in between comes Mars, a decaying world, its evolutionary course nearly run." He is slightly more inclined to think that Venus may be an abode of life, but adds that, owing to her atmosphere, "whatever professions may flourish on Venus, that of the astronomer will almost certainly be unknown." Presumably, therefore, we cannot hope for any signals from "the planet of love."

Here endeth, somewhat abruptly, my last epistle for 1928, and I will conclude by wishing everybody good reading among the books of "morrow" year. C. E. B.



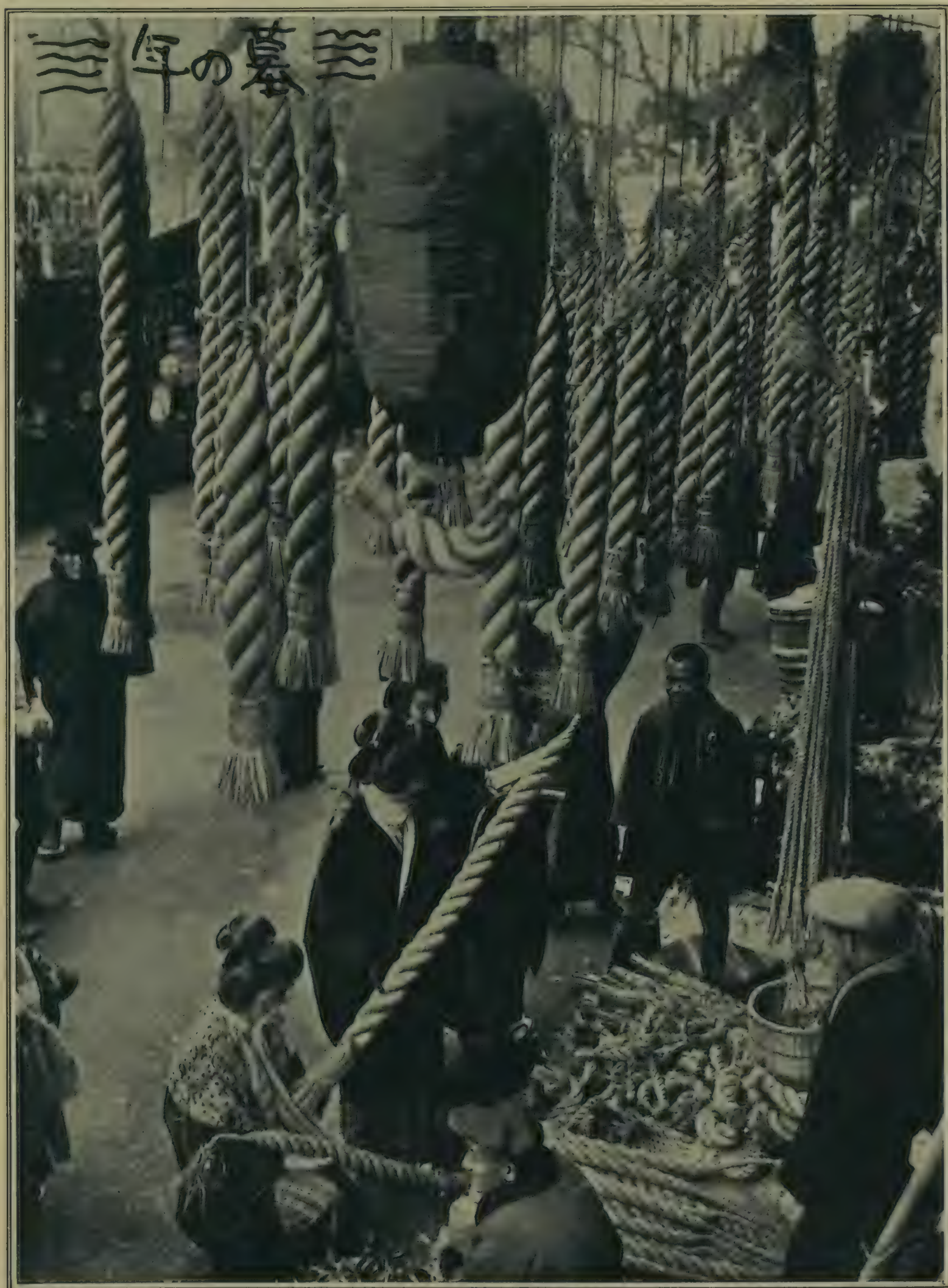
AN EARLY DUTCH ENGRAVING RECENTLY SOLD AT LEIPZIG FOR 13,800 GOLD MARKS: "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY THE SO-CALLED MASTER OF ZWOLLE.

This engraving, of which only a few impressions survive, was formerly in the famous Collection of King Frederick August II., of Dresden. It fetched 13,800 gold marks at C. G. Boerner's sale of prints in Leipzig, on November 15 and 16, when the total sum realised was about 500,000 gold marks. The identity of the artist, who (according to Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers") was probably a goldsmith and engraver flourishing at the end of the fifteenth century, has never been determined, and is a matter of much dispute. He is believed to have lived at Zwolle, in Holland, where Thomas-a-Kempis died in 1471.

friendship and co-operation, is "THE AMERICA OF TO-DAY." By J. A. Spender (Benn; 12s. 6d.). The famous journalist who in pre-war days made the old *Westminster Gazette* a Liberal power in the land, here describes his impressions on a second tour of the United States, made last spring under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union and leading British and American newspapers. Every phase of American life and politics is touched in this brilliant survey. Among the most interesting chapters, of course, are those on the naval question—international war debts, racial difficulties in the States, and Prohibition.

Mr. Spender undertook his tour as the first "Senior Walter Hines Page Memorial Fellow," and recalls his friendship with Mr. Page when the latter was Ambassador in London. Summing up his own conclusions, Mr. Spender shrewdly observes: "I am persuaded that, as between Englishman and American, it is as foolish to say that kinship and language count for nothing as to suppose that they count for everything. No one can have travelled

NEW YEAR EMBLEMS IN JAPAN: ROPES, LOBSTERS, AND ORANGES.



INCLUDING GREAT ROPES ASSOCIATED WITH A SUN GODDESS LEGEND: NEW YEAR DECORATIONS IN TOKYO.

"During the three days of the New Year Festival (January 1, 2, and 3) in Japan," writes a correspondent, "before every gateway in Tokyo, is suspended from a branch of pine or bamboo a rope with tufts of straw or cut paper at fixed intervals, terminating in a tassel. Attached to the rope are also fern-leaves, bitter oranges, charcoal, and a lobster. Every item is emblematic. Pine and bamboo symbolise longevity and constancy by their evergreen foliage. The rope refers to a legend of the Sun goddess, who, annoyed by the attentions of her Divine Brother, had retired to a cave, leaving the world in darkness. Lured out of the cave by a large

mirror and a string of five hundred pearls, she was prevented from returning by a rope strung behind her in front of the cave. The pieces of cut paper represent the gods, since the same word *kami* means "paper" and "gods." The pieces of paper or tufts of straw are always seven, five, or three—these being sacred numbers. Fern leaves symbolise exuberant posterity; bitter oranges signify 'from generation to generation'; charcoal is an emblem of prosperity; and the lobster, on account of its crooked back, stands for honourable old age. The rope is called a *shimenawa*, and is wound from the left, as the pure or fortunate side."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

AN OUTSTANDING WAR PLAY.—ABOUT "PICKWICK."

THE aftermath of the Great War has yielded four memorable plays—and four only: "Tunnel Trench," by my colleague, Hubert Griffith; "Prisoners of War," by Eekersley; "White Chateau," by Reginald Berkeley; and now "Journey's End," by R. C. Sherriff. It is the finest of the four, and it has made a name as a dramatist for an author hitherto unknown on the stage.

His methods are entirely away from hidebound rules. He proffers no plot, not even a continuous story; he is content to vitalise a handful of soldier characters, to turn the light of observation and introspection on them, to develop them in a certain correlation to one another, and, for the rest, render them dependent on force of circumstances and destiny. All we see is daily life in the foul, cramped atmosphere of a dug-out, pregnant with all that war means—gun-fire, massacre, misery—but sweetened by those two graces of God—typically British indestructible humour and fair play under stress and in all circumstances. We see here a varied collection of men and temperaments; we see them in their interdependence according to rank; in their moments of hilarious relaxation; in their occasional impacts of personalities and natures, in their inwardness, from optimism to stoicism, from self-control to cowardice; we see the apparent hero exposed and merely "bucked" by whisky; we see the frightened skulker coerced to discipline and dangerous deeds; we see the newcomer—proud of his commission—looking upon war as a sport (till a hand-grenade marks his journey's early end); we see the family man doggedly accepting a perilous job, slipping his finger from his signet-ring in his foreboding of "no return."

Hearing and seeing these men, shown as they really were, not run on wires because a story demanded a certain manoeuvring of figures and adapting of characters, we obtain an insight into the lives of those who withstood and weathered unspeakable privation and peril, beyond all civilian imagination, that annihilates all verbal description in books, however vivid, however poignant, however realistic and life-like. I have read most of the notable narratives of war of the various belligerents, but no book—and, let me add, no play—has affected me so deeply, has brought the real thing, as it was, so near to my mind, to my soul, as these vibrating "slices of life," flung on the stage, as it were, at random, without system or scheme; sheer projection from one man's brain, which had absorbed people and experience as in a lens and reincarnated them as he had observed and photographed them mentally as an eye-witness. It is one of those plays that will survive when the Great War, already more a reminiscence than a near reality, has become a distant vision; it will survive because, in a fragment of a gigantic panorama, it will bring home to a coming generation what manner of men they were, those "boys" who fought and died for England, and won in the same spirit, the same staunchness, the same humour, as they fight on the sports field for a trophy.

As I write I understand that a leading manager will, after Christmas, make this remarkable play

accessible to the general public. It is hoped that on this occasion the same cast may be gathered as played at the Stage Society's performance—a cast so perfect, so wonderfully assembled and attuned by the producer, that many in the audience who had been in the "game of 1914-18" (as one of them put it) replied to my query: "It is as near to the real thing as reconstruction can make it." From my layman's point of view, I would class the acting in "Journey's End" with the unforgettable club scene in "Loyalties," a monumental testimony to the fact that, as far as the men are concerned, our stage is second to none.

The finest opportunities were those of the Captain

the young officer and the riper brother-in-arms, school-master by profession, idealist in his soul, before facing mortal peril to ascertain the position of the enemy, spent moments of anticipation in poetic musing over the amenities of the New Forest, "Alice in Wonderland," and the charm of English home-life, moved us beyond words. It was so truly affecting, yet so exquisitely serene, that an indescribable sensation pervaded the audience. One could have shed a tear but for the imperturbable quietude of mind in which the men conversed, both of them torn by anguish within, but each trying to deceive his companion by a smile, as if they were merely musing over pipe and cigarette.

So intense was the spell upon the audience that when the men went forth to duty's call absolute silence prevailed. But how pulses must have quickened; how hearts must have beaten! For was not this scene, so calm, so idyllic, a subdued rhapsody of English heroism a thousandfold echoed in the trenches and in the open?

In the annals of the Stage Society, rich in record, this play of R. C. Sherriff's will rank with the work of C. K. Munro as an outstanding contribution to the intellectual drama of this country in the first half of the century.

Of all the Christmas shows—and there are many—that are fast becoming a tradition, from "Peter Pan" to "Where the Rainbow Ends" and "The Windmill Man," "Pickwick" is the one that will appeal most to the imagination of young and old. For we have all

loved Dickens in our time, and if we are not posing as ultra-modern despisers of all that is traditional, we love him still.

That on the stage great liberties had to be taken with "Pickwick," to compress the vast tome into an evening's traffic, was a foregone conclusion, and if the ultra-Dickensians gnash their teeth, we could easily defeat them with the argument that Euripides and Shakespeare are but rarely left untouched by the blue pencil. I think that, on the whole, it is a good thing, and a boon to the old generation as well as the young, that these immortal figures of old England should be vitalised on the stage. Indeed, it will be a stimulus to take the books from their shelves and to live once again in an age which, in the turmoil and haste of to-day, lies far behind us. That Dickens does not dramatise well—that is to say, that he scarcely lends himself to condensation and compression in the compactness of acts—is true enough; but when the adaptation is skillfully done there remains enough to complete the picture from memory.

Now Messrs. Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly have performed their task well, and with such reverence as to give us the best part of the spirit of the "Characters and Scenes." Of the former principals, Mr. Stiggins alone has been sacrificed and Bob Sawyer has become a shadow; but otherwise all the figures are outlined sharply enough to represent thumb-nails of the originals; and, as far as possible, the scenes have been so grouped as to create a coherent narrative of Mr. Pickwick's adventures. The trial scene

[Continued on page 1260.]



HYACINTH (MISS NORA SWINBURNE).



BILL REMINGTON AND BETTY: MR. ERNEST TRUEX AND MISS MIRIAM SEEGAR.



FRANCINE (MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS).

"OUT GOES SHE," AT THE CRITERION: BILL REMINGTON (MR. ERNEST TRUEX) AND HIS THREE WIVES.

"Out Goes She," the new production at the Criterion, is a satire on modern marriage, by Miss Lillian Trimble Bradley. Bill Remington first marries Hyacinth, but he cannot get on with her; so there is a divorce. He next weds Betty; but this matrimonial venture is equally disastrous, and divorce number two takes place. His final attempt to find conjugal bliss is with Francine, the French girl, and this is equally unsuccessful; but as in Francine's family they "do not divorce," Bill Remington is presented at the close of the play as being unable to try and obtain married happiness again, as he is still married to Francine—though she leaves him.

Photographs by Stage Photo Company.

of Mr. Laurence Olivier, the Lieutenants of Messrs. George Zucco and Maurice Evans, the subaltern of Mr. Robert Speaight. That "foursome" was simply



"I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM": MAURICE (CRANE WILBUR) AND VALERIE (MARY NEWCOMB) IN THE CONFESSION SCENE OF "JEALOUSY," AT THE FORTUNE.

"Jealousy," by Eugene Walters (from the French of Louis Verneuil), was recently produced at the Fortune Theatre. It is a full-length drama played by two characters only, and deals with the devastating effect which jealousy has on a man. Maurice suspects his wife, and when suspicion becomes certainty, he commits a murder.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

superb, and stamped Mr. Olivier, one of Sir Barry Jackson's young men, as one of the most notable *jeunes premiers* of to-day, and at length allowed Mr. George Zucco to show himself a master of restrained pathos. That most touching scene of the play, when

Bob Sawyer has become a shadow; but otherwise all the figures are outlined sharply enough to represent thumb-nails of the originals; and, as far as possible, the scenes have been so grouped as to create a coherent narrative of Mr. Pickwick's adventures. The trial scene

Italy's Crown Prince as a Famous Ancestor: A Laszlo Portrait.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



WEARING ON HIS BREAST A GOLD SHIELD WROUGHT BY BENVENUTO CELLINI: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT.

This fine portrait of the Italian Crown Prince shows him as he appeared in a historical pageant of the House of Savoy, held at Turin to celebrate the fourth centenary of his great ancestor, Duke Emanuele Filiberto. Many members of the Italian Royal family took part, and Prince Umberto represented the great Duke himself. The shield on his breast, made of pure gold, is a masterpiece of Benvenuto Cellini, in the possession of

the Royal family and on view in the Royal Armoury at Turin. Mr. Philip de Laszlo, who has portrayed many Royalties, was invited to Turin for the pageant, and the Prince asked him to paint his portrait in this costume, for presentation to his parents, King Victor and Queen Elena. It will be shown in London at Mr. de Laszlo's two exhibitions to be held next year (in April and June) on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday.

In the Splendour of Sunshine: a New Year's Day Bathing Party in South Africa.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



WHERE NEW YEAR'S DAY MARKS THE HEIGHT OF THE SUMMER SEASON: SOUTH AFRICA, "THE LAND OF OUTDOOR LIFE"—BATHERS BASKING IN THE SUN AT A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL IN A TYPICALLY SPACIOUS SOUTH AFRICAN GARDEN.

The climatic contrast in the New Year season between Great Britain and South Africa is vividly portrayed in this impression of a bathing party in a private swimming bath in the garden of one of the beautiful homesteads of South Africa. New Year's day in the Southern Hemisphere marks, of course, the height of the summer season, and in South Africa it is usually celebrated by various forms of outdoor enjoyment, such as picnicking or camping out, particularly at the coastal resorts. These are favourite pastimes. For those who prefer spending Christmas and New Year time at home, many have the advantage of private

swimming baths in the large gardens characteristic of South African estates. It provides a delightfully free and informal variety of entertainment, coupled with other forms of outdoor pleasures, such as tennis, golf, riding, and motoring. South Africa has very aptly been described as "The Land of Outdoor Life," and, with its perfect summer climate, it has come into great favour as a winter resort. It may interest readers to know that full information concerning tours to this Dominion may be obtained in London from The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

*Should
Auld
Acquaintance
be forgot ?*



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The Father of Microscopy: Marcello Malpighi (1628-1694)

BY DR. CHARLES SINGER, F.R.C.P., F.S.A., EDITOR, ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY; AUTHOR OF "THE EVOLUTION OF BIOLOGY," ETC.

THE seventeenth century was a critical period for science. The experimental era was opened by William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth and friend of all mariners, with his classic treatise "On

microscope, however, and therefore he was unable to see the actual passage of the blood from the arteries to the veins, which takes place through vessels that are beyond the reach of unaided vision.

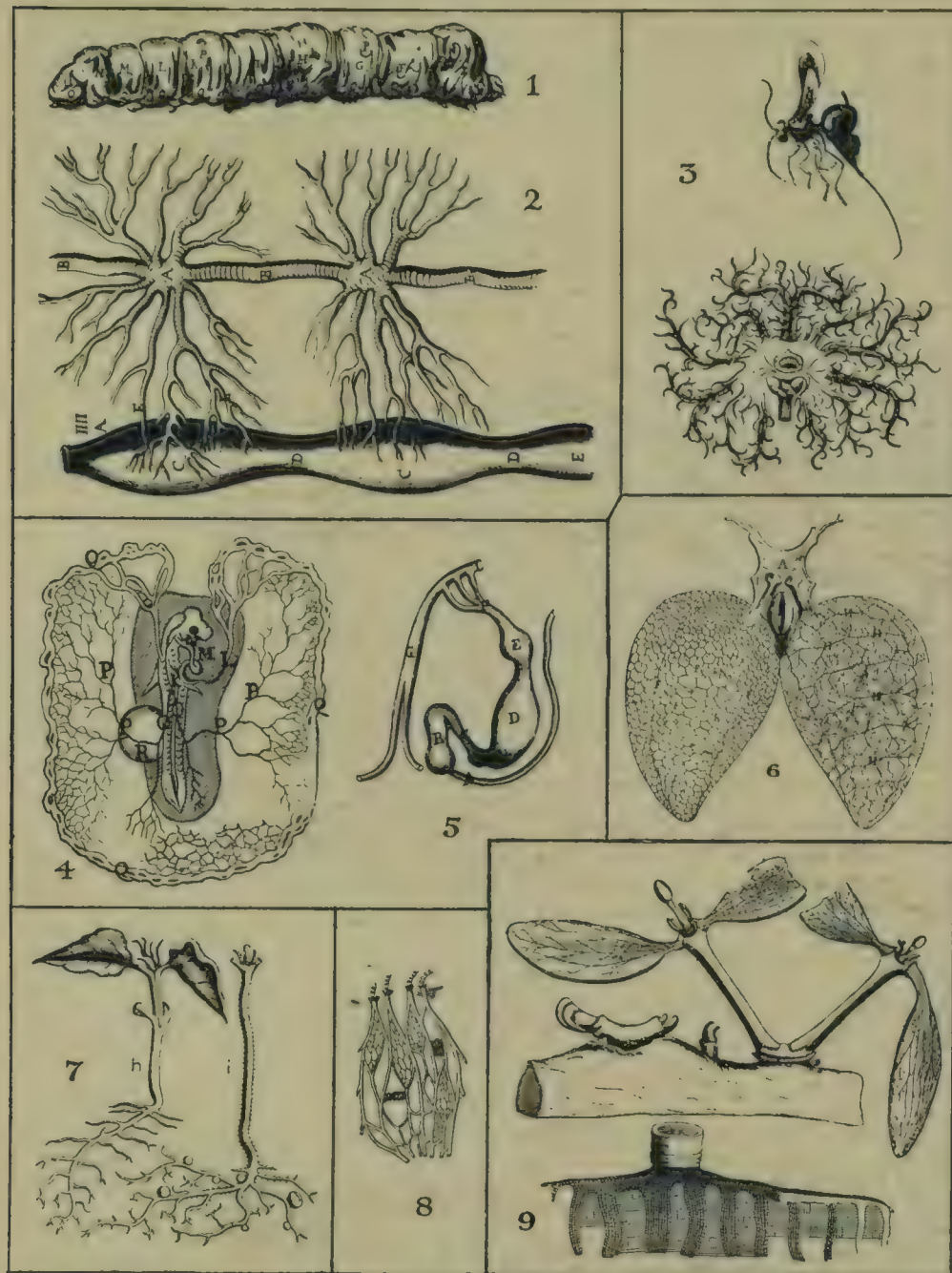
It was Malpighi who, with the new instrument, first beheld the minute, hair-like vessels, the so-called "capillaries," that link the arterial with the venous system. The object which first yielded up the secret was the lung of the frog. This organ in the frog happens to be almost transparent. It is also very simple in structure, and is furnished on its surface with particularly conspicuous capillary vessels. Malpighi could hardly have selected a more suitable object for the purposes of this research. We may let him tell his own story.

He writes that while to the naked eye "the frog's lung is nought but a membranous bladder . . . to observation with the microscope it yields something more remarkable." In the tiny vessels on the surface of the lung he could see that "the blood is forced and

A few years later Malpighi, still working on the blood, made a further important observation, the nature of which he failed to interpret adequately. Till his time and beyond, the colour of the blood was believed to be diffused through its substance. We now know that it is concentrated in the so-called *red corpuscles*, the minuteness of which gives the suspension—for such it is—the appearance of being a uniform red fluid. Malpighi caught a sight of these particles through his lenses, but he misinterpreted them. In examining a hedgehog he tells us that in one of the blood-vessels "I saw 'globules' of fat, of a definite outline and red colour. They were like a chaplet of red coral." These "globules" were the red corpuscles, and in the "chaplet" they were collecting together in *rouleaux*, as they are very liable to do.

The discovery of Malpighi roused much interest among the *virtuosi* in England. Notices of his activities began to appear in the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society. The minutes for 1669 recorded "that the 'History of the Silke Worme,' dedicated by Signor Malpighi to the Society, be printed forthwith by the printers of the same." The Society still possesses some of his beautiful drawings, prepared for this treatise as well as for others which he sent later. Some of these we reproduce. In 1680 Malpighi sent his portrait to the Society. His handsome, pleasant face suggests the thoughtfulness, capacity, enterprise, and modesty which characterise all his work.

Malpighi came early under the influence of Giovanni Alphonso Borelli, a distinguished mathematician, who was attempting, not without success, to apply the principles of the mechanics of his master, Galileo, to the general working of the animal body. It was Borelli who directed Malpighi to the microscopical analysis of the structure of living things. Among Malpighi's most significant contributions to this theme was his study of the development of animals—embryology, as it is now called. Applying the microscope to the earlier stages of development, Malpighi described in detail the formation of many of the organs, notably of the nervous system and of the heart. He worked chiefly on the chick. Very remarkable was his discovery that in this creature, in very early life, a series of vessels given off by the great artery as it leaves the heart go to encircle the gullet. Later these disappear or are modified. Malpighi recorded their course, but was unaware of their nature. They have since come to occupy an important place in biological



RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE, OF WHICH LORD DAWSON OF PENN IS PRESIDENT: DRAWINGS BY MARCELLO MALPIGHI, SENT BY HIM, FOR PUBLICATION, TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY, WHICH STILL POSSESSES MOST OF THE ORIGINALS.

The subjects of these drawings are as follows: (1) Silkworm, showing breathing-holes, or "spiracles," ranged along its side. The head is to the right. (2) Tracheae, or breathing-tubes, of the silk-worm (here those bringing air to the heart.) (3) Gall from an oak-tree opened to show the grub within. At the top is the fly which deposited the egg. Note fly's long egg-laying organ that penetrates the plant. (4) A very young chick in the egg, showing eye, brain, and heart, with large blood-vessels distributed to various parts of the yolk. (5) The heart of the same chick as that shown in 4. The three vessels given off at F surround the gullet. These represent the vessels to the gills of a fish-like ancestor. (6) Lungs of frog greatly magnified, that on the right showing capillaries. Malpighi was the first actually to see them. (7) Young bean plants, one with little tubercles on its roots, of bacterial origin. (8) Spiral vessels from the wood of a tree. Malpighi ascribed to them (incorrectly) a breathing function. (9) Mistletoe growing on an apple-tree, and (below) a section of the apple-tree branch, showing the parasite's roots penetrating it.

the Magnet" (1600). Before the century had half run its course Galileo and Kepler had created the new view of the universe and had provided new scientific weapons—the microscope and telescope—and the Englishman, William Harvey, had applied the Galilean mechanical principles to the animal body in demonstrating the circulation of the blood. But the movement was still confined to a small band. In the second half of the century the extension of natural knowledge aroused more general attention. Scientific associations now came into being. Among the first was the English Royal Society, which obtained a charter in 1662.

In the previous year Marcello Malpighi, a brilliant young professor at Bologna, using the improved optical apparatus, had completed Harvey's work. Harvey had proved that blood leaves the heart by the arteries and that the same blood comes back to the heart by the veins. He had not used a

scattered by the pulse through the arteries into a network. . . . As the blood stream, thus repeatedly divided up, is carried round in a sinuous manner, its colour fades. It is thus distributed until it approaches the wall of the lung, where the capillaries are reunited into veins. "While the heart beats, two movements in opposite directions can be seen, making the circulation of the blood quite evident."

"With unaided vision (and without the help of a microscope) I might have believed that the blood escaped into an empty space and was re-collected by a gaping vessel, but for the tortuous and scattered movement of the blood in different directions and its union again into a definite vessel. . . . Such is the branching character of these vessels as they proceed on the one side from the artery and (are gathered) again on the other side to the vein . . . that there appears to be a network made up of the continuations of the two vessels."



A GREAT PIONEER OF SCIENCE, WHOSE TERCENTENARY WAS RECENTLY CELEBRATED: MARCELLO MALPIGHI (1628-94) — A PAINTING BY TOBAR, SENT BY MALPIGHI HIMSELF, IN 1680, TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN LONDON, AND STILL IN ITS POSSESSION.

thought. They represent the gill vessels of a fish. Birds, like mammals, are descended from remote, fishlike ancestors. In their development they still bear traces of this, and among the traces are these vestiges of ancient gills.

[Continued on page 1260.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"ST. PETER'S FISH"—THE JOHN DORY, AND OTHERS WITH TUBULAR MOUTHS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I ALWAYS like making gastronomic experiments. I have eaten, and with relish, whale, porpoise, kangaroo, zebra, horse, and eland! I draw the line, however, at rat-pie! I was recently told a story of a certain popular natural-history writer and lecturer, dead and gone these many years, who, in a lecture to the boys at Rugby, deplored the many opportunities we miss of adding dishes most delectable to our menu. "I am, for example," he remarked, "particularly fond of rat-pie," and then paused to enjoy the shudder that passed through the room; but he did not enjoy the sequel. On the occasion of his next lecture, the masters duly provided his "favourite dish," and presently they placed it before him as a proof of their thoughtfulness. He made, as they anticipated, the most elaborate excuses to escape the ordeal, but they would take no denial. The pie had been made, they said, expressly for him, of the meat which to him was so peculiarly toothsome, and he must not disappoint them. And so, in the end, eat it he had to!

My latest experiment will earn me no glory; but rather reproach for my lack of enterprise. It amounts to no more than this: that I have at last partaken of that not very inviting-looking fish, the John Dory. And I found it, as hosts of my fellow-men have done, a most excellent fish. But I want to speak now of the living rather than of the dead John Dory. I wonder, indeed, how many of those who have long since discovered its merits when dead, are acquainted with its many peculiarities when alive. The opportunities of seeing this strange fish in its natural element are rare; indeed, this is only possible to those who live near an aquarium such as that of the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth, or of our wonderful "Zoo" in London.

Few of our native fishes are more singular in appearance. It probably owes its name to its golden-yellow markings—*jaune dorée*. It is also known as St. Peter's fish, recalling the tradition that this was the fish from which St. Peter took the "tribute-money," the great black spot on each side marking the print of his fingers. But the

back along the head, and across the mouth, to pursue its course down the middle of the throat. In side view, it will be noticed (Figs. 2 and 3), the front dorsal fin is formed of long bony spikes joined by a fin-membrane; while the second dorsal, and the hinder part of the anal fin below it, have soft rays, like those of the tail-fin. They play an important part in the hunt for prey.

For the John Dory feeds upon other fish, as well as upon shrimps. When a victim is marked down, the body is slowly veered round to the "end-on" position, and then, by stealthy forward movements, it creeps up to within striking distance, when, with

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

At least this was true of me till a year or two ago, since when I have begun to see a way out of the tangle of conflicting evidence with which we are confronted. But of this I propose to speak on another occasion. For the moment, let me illustrate this conception of the moulding effects of consistent and persistent use, concentrated on one set of activities. These conditions are furnished by certain strange-looking African fresh-water fishes known as the Mormyridæ.

There are no fewer than ninety-three species in this family, differing considerably in size and form, but in all the really arresting feature is the head. And this because the mouth parts have assumed a tubular form and present a singular range of variation on this theme. On this account the head has lost its fish-like form, and has come to assume a fanciful likeness to that of various birds and beasts! This is reflected in their scientific Latin names: thus we have *ovis*, *caballus*, *elephas*, *tamandua*, *numenius*, and *ibis*. Two species suggest the elephant, and one of these, *Mormyrus probosciostris*, is shown here (Fig. 1, lower subject). A few species have mouths sufficiently large to enable them to capture small fishes; but those with long-drawn tubular mouths, suggesting the beak of the ibis, or the curlew, or the tubular snout of the ant-eater (*Tamandua*), feed on minute crustacea, and other small animals, as well as on vegetable debris. And these pointed snouts enable this food to be sucked up from between stones and from crevices.

To discuss, even in broad outline, the agencies, or factors, which have brought about the evolution of these strange types of tubular mouths, would require at least a whole page, and I have now but a few lines left. I must therefore return to this theme on another occasion. For the moment, they are useful for comparison with the very different type of tubular mouth found in the John Dory. Finally, let me mention that these strange Mormyrid fishes

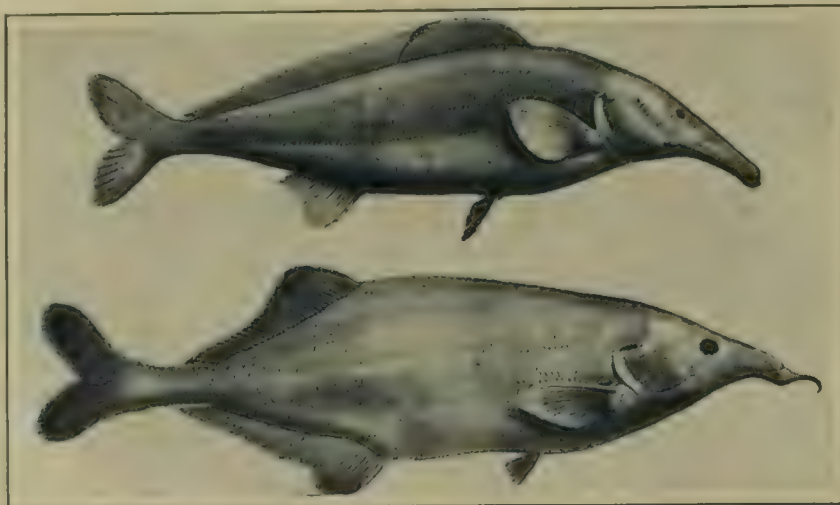


FIG. 1. TUBULAR-MOUTHED AFRICAN FRESH-WATER FISHES (WITH ABNORMAL BRAINS) VENERATED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS: (ABOVE) *GENYOMYRUS DONNYI*, AND (BELOW) *MORMYRUS PROBOSCIOSTRIS*, SUGGESTING AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

Though the mouth of some of the Mormyrid fishes bears a striking likeness to the beaks of birds, such as the curlew and the ibis, it more nearly resembles the long snout of the ant-eater, since the mouth is but a mere slit at the end of the tube. In *Mormyrus probosciostris*, shown here, this tube bears a fanciful likeness to the trunk of the elephant. The upper of these two fishes is *Genyomyrus donnyi*.

the speed of lightning, the jaws are opened (Fig. 3) to form a great outward-shooting tube, into which the victim is sucked and promptly swallowed. Young pollack form its favourite food; at any rate, off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, where it is abundant in the autumn, attaining to a length of nearly two

feet, and a weight of as much as 18 lb. What purpose is served by the armature of spines fringing the base of the fins, and much concerning its eggs and larval stages of growth, have yet to be discovered.

The strange mouth of this fish has always interested me. Fishes' mouths, indeed, present some remarkable features. In the matter of form, size, and armature they present a wider range of differences than are found either among the reptiles or the

birds, or even the mammals. These differences are no mere cases of "freakishness," but rather are to be interpreted as the results of long-continued and concentrated use for one particular purpose. Here, indeed, we have material which, carefully analysed, will yield some valuable evidence touching on that most debateable subject, the "Inheritance of Acquired Characters"—



FIG. 2. TRADITIONALLY KNOWN AS THE FISH FROM WHICH ST. PETER TOOK THE TRIBUTE MONEY, THOUGH NOT FOUND IN THE SEA OF GALILEE: THE BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED JOHN DORY.

The coloration of the John Dory is of a brownish olive, relieved by long, wavy stripes of golden yellow, with a glorious metallic-blue sheen; while along the ridge of the back, from the dorsal-fin forwards over the mouth, and along the throat, runs a black stripe which, with a pair of short stripes below the eye, serves still further to break up any appearance of solidity in the long, narrow contour presented by the "end-on" position assumed when stalking prey.

same legend is also told of the haddock—though neither of these fish ever found entry into the Sea of Galilee. In shape the John Dory is oval and strongly compressed from side to side, so that, seen "end on," it is almost invisible; its solid appearance, indeed is still further broken up by a black line running forward from the ridge of the



FIG. 3. THE JOHN DORY WITH ITS TUBULAR MOUTH OPENING "TO WELCOME LITTLE FISHES IN": A VIEW SHOWING THE MARKINGS THAT HELP TO BREAK UP THE SOLIDITY OF ITS APPEARANCE AND MAKE IT ALMOST INVISIBLE TO ITS VICTIMS WHEN APPROACHING THEM "END-ON."

At the moment of seizing its victim, and by the mere act of opening the jaws, the rim of the mouth shoots forwards in the form of a great wide tube, into which the unsuspecting prey is sucked. The mouth here is not opened to its fullest extent. Note the spines along the edge of the body, which are said to inflict a poisonous wound.

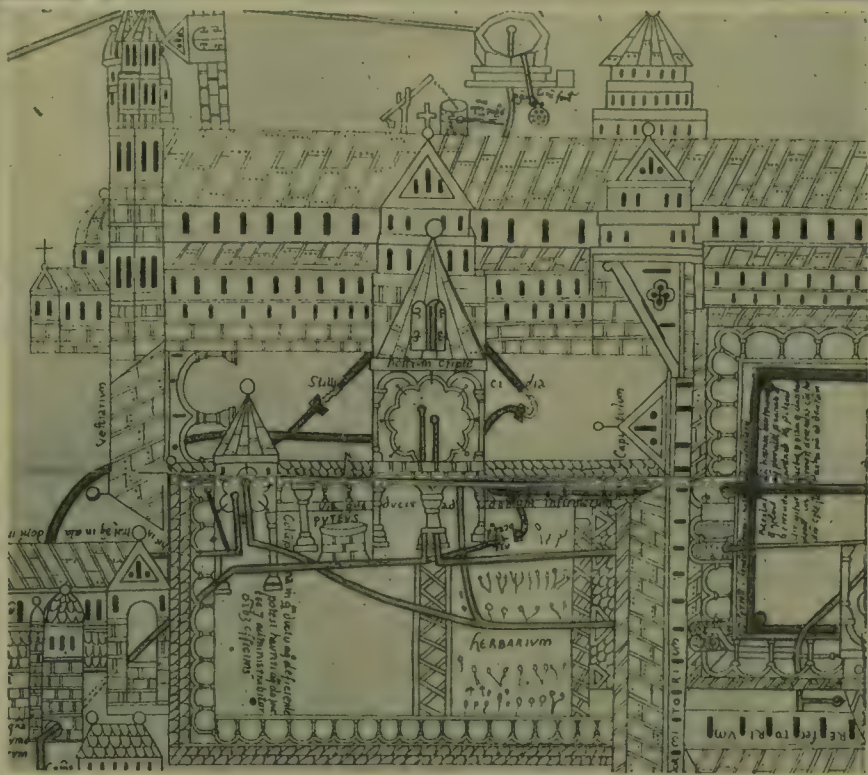
were venerated by the ancient Egyptians, and are frequently represented on hieroglyphics, mural paintings, and bronze medals. Another notable fact is the enormous development of the brain of these fishes, which equals in weight one fifty-second to one eighty-second of the total weight of the body, a thing without parallel among the lower vertebrates.

PRIOR WIBERT'S WATER-TOWER AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: INTERESTING DISCOVERIES DURING ITS RESTORATION.

The first work undertaken by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral (a society, formed last year, which numbers the Prince of Wales as "the first friend on the roll," and welcomes contributions sent to its offices at Christ Church Gateway, Canterbury) has been the restoration of the twelfth-century Water-Tower built by Prior Wibert (1151-67), a contemporary of Archbishop Becket. This tower had fallen into a very unstable condition. "The Norman vault," writes Mr. W. D. Caröe, the Cathedral Architect (in a recent letter to the "Times"), "was propped

[Continued below.]

PRIOR WIBERT'S WATER-TOWER (CENTRE, WITH CONICAL ROOF) BEFORE RESTORATION: ITS POSITION IN RELATION TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



A NORMAN PLAN OF PRIOR WIBERT'S WATER-TOWER AND ITS SYSTEM OF PIPES, AS ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY: PART OF A LARGE CONTEMPORARY DRAWING WHICH IS THE EARLIEST KNOWN SPECIMEN OF A "BIRD'S-EYE VIEW."

UNDER RESTORATION: PRIOR WIBERT'S WATER-TOWER - SHOWING THE FENESTRATION OF THE UPPER STOREY AFTER REMOVAL OF BRICKWORK AND RUBBLE.



A SMALLER NORMAN TWELFTH CENTURY DRAWING OF PRIOR WIBERT'S WATERWORKS AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, WITH RAMIFICATION OF PIPES.



A BEAUTIFUL NORMAN ARCH DISCOVERED UNDER THE MASONRY OF THE WATER-TOWER: ONE RESULT OF THE WORK OF RESTORATION.

NORMAN ARCHES FOUND UNDER THE PLASTER IN THE WATER-TOWER, AND NOW BEING RESTORED: A DISCOVERY DURING THE WORK UNDERTAKEN BY THE FRIENDS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



[Continued.]

up with Georgian brickwork, several of the arches were built up with rubble, and the whole structure was riddled with fissures. The discovery of Prior Wibert's scheme for the fenestration of the upper storey has, in the execution of the necessary works of repair, been completely revealed. The discovery, so unexpected and yet so complete, of the detail and form of the two eastern arches that were first blocked by the thirteenth-century chapel-builders (i.e., on a space now occupied by the Howley Library), and finally obliterated by Prior Chillenden (1391-1411) has proved the most interesting made in the Cathedral for many years. It has the additional interest of confirming the accuracy of the Norman drawing, despite the curiously conventional method of representation adopted by the Norman

draughtsman." These Norman drawings are described by Mr. Caröe, as "contemporary plans of the waterworks," and "among the most interesting of mediæval documents relating to Canterbury Cathedral." They "are bound up," he writes, "in the Psalter of Eadwin, seemingly one of the precious documents which, rightly or wrongly, accompanied Dean Neville, when he passed in 1615 from Canterbury to Cambridge to become Master of Trinity. Let it be noted that Wibert's Waterworks are still in action to-day—a marvellous record. An integral part of them was the circular Norman Water Tower erected to supply water and a washing-place on the first floor adjoining the passage which led from the monks' dormitories to the elevated choir of the Cathedral."

BY COURTESY OF MR. W. D. CARÖE, CATHEDRAL ARCHITECT AT CANTERBURY.

AID IN DISTRESS FOR WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES APPEALED:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH WALES, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



CHILDREN FIRST! INFANTS AND GIRLS PROVIDED WITH MILK AT SCHOOL IN A MINING DISTRICT OF SOUTH WALES.

Our artist has illustrated here some typical incidents of relief work among the families of Welsh miners out of work; on behalf of whom—as well as those in other parts of the country, especially the North—the Prince of Wales recently made a moving appeal. "On my return," he said, "I have been painfully impressed by the suffering which exists in the distressed mining areas, and I desire to make a direct and personal appeal on their behalf. We must all join in one combined national effort to help the women and children in these areas. The Lord Mayor's Fund, supported by the Lord Mayors, Mayors, and Lords-

Lieutenant of the country, and assisted by the central Coalfields Distress Funds organisation, offers us the opportunity of doing this. At the Lord Mayor's invitation, I have accepted the position of Patron of this Fund, and I ask everyone to contribute to it generously according to his means. Let us recapture the spirit of the War, when we recognised every effort made by the Government as a new call to individual self-sacrifice. The Government have their duties, but each one of us has also the individual duty of showing in practical ways our determination to alleviate suffering and rekindle hope among these distressed

(Continued opposite.)

RELIEF WORK AMONG THE FAMILIES OF WELSH COAL-MINERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH WALES, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



TO PREVENT QUEUES AT DISTRIBUTING CENTRES: HELPERS TAKING CLOTHES AND BOOTS FOR CHILDREN TO MINERS' HOMES.

Continued. fellow-countrymen of ours." The Prince's appeal was supported by another issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the President of the Evangelical Free Churches, and the Archbishop arranged to broadcast it from Canterbury Cathedral. "Through no fault of their own (we read) 250,000 miners have lost the work on which they and their families depend. . . . The closing of the pit means the collapse of all the resources of the local community, and in many of them it is not months only, but even years, since the pits were closed. . . . Even though public funds are providing necessary food, it is only a bare sub-

sistence. Everywhere clothes and boots, patched and re-patched with pathetic care during long months, have been exhausted. . . . The cry of the homes—of the fathers eager but unable to help, of the anxious mothers, of the suffering children—must reach the hearts of all. . . . Whatever help the Government and the Local Authorities may give, there is still the need of voluntary effort, of personal thought and care." Gifts of money may be sent to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and information may be obtained from the Secretary of the Coalfields Distress Funds, Sanctuary Building, 18, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

SURF-BATHING INDOORS! BREAKERS ARTIFICIALLY PRODUCED IN A GERMAN SWIMMING POOL.



REMARKABLE "SEASIDE" EFFECTS IN THE GREAT SWIMMING POOL AT THE LUNA PARK, BERLIN: MAN-MADE BREAKING WAVES AND ROUGH WATER.

The German is nothing if not thorough, and an ordinary swimming pool does not fulfil his idea of what a bathing-place should be. By some ingenious means, of which we have at present no information, it has been found possible, as the above photograph shows, to produce artificially sufficient movement in the water to form waves that resemble in every particular "the breaker breaking on the beach." By covering over the architectural parts of the photograph, the spectator can easily imagine himself looking on at a scene typical of Brighton or Margate on a summer day. Family parties are enjoying all the delights of mixed bathing, bobbing up and down and splashing about on the surf, and all this under the sheltering roof of the swimming pool in the Luna Park at Berlin, which is described as "the finest and largest in the world." This new contrivance for surf-bathing indoors may doubtless be regarded as part of the general movement in Germany towards healthy exercise and physical recreation. All kinds of athletics are in vogue, and, for hygienic purposes, the sun-bath in the open air is also very popular at suitable seasons. In the Luna Park pool, however, it may be presumed that surf-bathing can be enjoyed at any time of year, irrespective of the temperature outside.

CIRCUS FOLK AS AN ARTIST
SEES THEM:
LAURA KNIGHT SKETCHES.



A CIRCUS GIRL.



AWAITING HER NUMBER.



A PAIR OF ACROBATS.



A DWARF CLOWN.



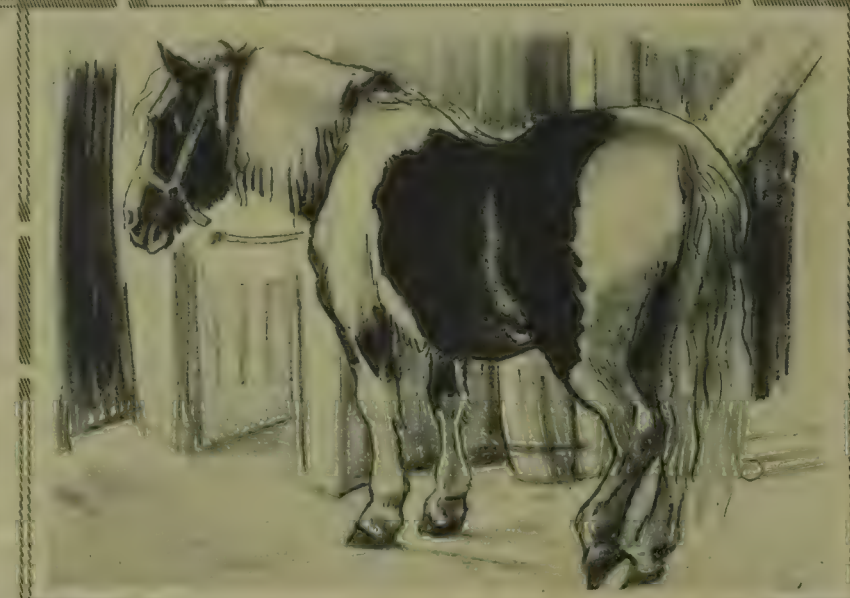
A FRENCH CLOWN.



COMICAL WALKER.



A CIRCUS PONY.



"FLORA."

The circus is coming into vogue again as an amusement of the Christmas holiday season, and there are now two running in London—that of Bertram W. Mills at Olympia, and Bostock's new three-ring circus at Earl's Court. The time is appropriate, therefore, to give these interesting drawings of circus folk and animals—both in the ring and at rehearsal—by that well-known artist, Mrs. Laura Knight, who has devoted special attention to studies of theatrical life behind the scenes,

and the world of entertainment in general; more particularly, perhaps, to the Russian Ballet. Her portrait of the world-famous clown, Whimsical Walker, we may recall, is reproduced on the front page of our Christmas number. Mrs. Knight, who is the wife of Mr. Harold Knight, the well-known portrait-painter, was herself elected a Royal Academician in November 1927. She is the fourth woman to have attained that distinction. The only other women who have received the

[Continued opposite

WITH LAURA KNIGHT AT THE CIRCUS: DRAWINGS IN SEASON.



ACROBATS ON THE TRAPEZE.



GOING UP TO THE TRAPEZE.



ACROBATS AT PRACTICE.



THE INSTRUCTOR AND A PUPIL.

[Continued]

A.R.A. before her were Angelica Kauffmann and Mrs. Moser (original members of the Royal Academy in 1769), and Mrs. Swynnerton, who was elected an Associate in 1922. Mrs. Knight has visited America, and in her exhibition at the Leicester Galleries last spring she showed some vivid studies of Harlem types, with other paintings and drawings done in the United States. She has exhibited at the Academy for a considerable number of years.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: JAPANESE NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

acquired a mastery of the brush such as many Western painters might well envy. They could draw. They could, and can, write delightful little poems. They were saturated with the immeasurable

colour-prints—about 8 by 7 inches is a common size. But some of the best—by Hokusai and two or three of his pupils, for instance—are much smaller. On the other hand, one finds examples of greater width in proportion to their height; and some are quite large, made to be folded to the size of one of those charming poem-boxes (*tanzaku-bako*), which the collector of lacquer cherishes when he can get them. Except the latter, *surimono* seem, as a rule, to have been collected in Japan. One finds them (or used to find them, for the visible supply, as they say in the markets, is now almost non-existent) tastefully mounted in albums of convenient size, with that endless pagination dear to the Japanese, so that every leaf has a print on each side, and you can begin your inspection in two ways at either end. The albums were generally bound in a choice bit of fine old silk brocade—and they are very pleasant things to possess. It is curious that, the subjects being very often free from the stigma attached to those of the

SOME thirty years ago, at the beginning of a vogue for Japanese art which flourished exceedingly for a time, but is now rather quiescent, it was a commonplace with writers and lecturers on the subject to refer to our Far-Eastern friends as a nation of artists. It would, perhaps, from a sociological point of view, have been more correct to call them a nation of agriculturists, when incomes, even of the highest nobility, were computed and stated in measures of rice. But it is undeniable that the people at large, of all ranks of society, possessed an innate appreciation of beauty which had no parallel in this or any other European country since the great days of Greece.

An instinctive and unsophisticated love of nature, an unerring taste in the ordering of the details of the home, the garden, garments, and the ornaments of the streets and high roads testify convincingly to the widespread existence of this quality. This is a thing related to, but not derived from, the cultural production of works of art—the great architectural monuments, paintings, sculpture, metal-work, ceramics, lacquer, and the rest, fostered more or less under the patronage of the old Shogunate and the feudal nobility, but thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the common people. And the latter had arts of their own, of which the colour-prints were the most conspicuous—a school of printing in colour from wood blocks, which, in technical

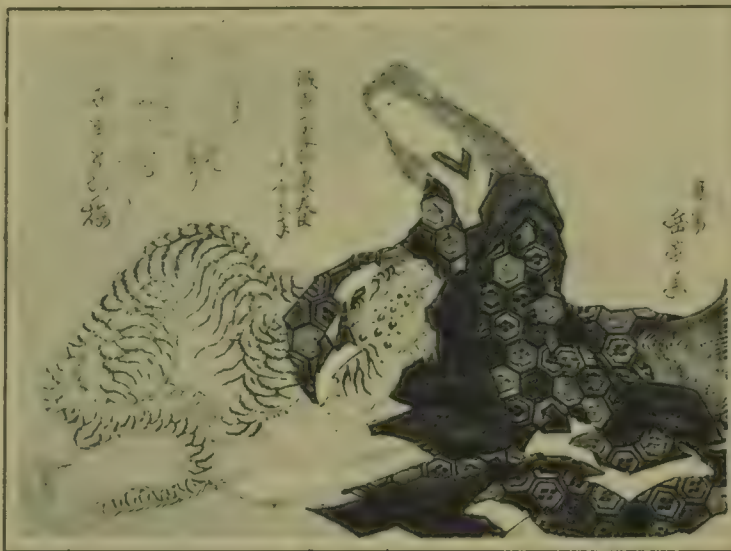


FIG. 1. THE COURT LADY AND THE TIGER—A PARODY OF ONE OF THE BUDDHIST *SENNIN*: A *SURIMONO* FOR THE NEW YEAR. BY GAKUTEI (1830 OR 1842.)

symbolism, story, and legend of a very ancient race, on which their own cult of Shinto, the doctrines of the Buddhists and the philosophies of the two great schools of Chinese philosophy, had acted and re-acted for hundreds of years. And this educative process expressed itself in many pretty little ways. One was the production of *surimono*.

The *surimono* was a special sort of colour-print—the word means simply, "printed thing"—produced for particular occasions. The New Year was one of the most favoured of these; but by no means alone in that respect. A change of name, a notable pilgrimage, the announcement of the birth of a son were good reasons why a man should design, or get a professional artist to design, a *surimono*, printed with exceeding care, and often in many colours, and adorned with an appropriate poem. Clubs of tradesmen or artisans would meet, each produce a design and the inevitable verse, and thus make up a set for the delectation of the members. Artists occasionally made series relating to the months, the Five great Festivals, or kindred themes. Always the technique was of the best, with, frequently, lavish use of metallic dusts, gold, silver, or bronze, as well as colour; and an effective blind tooling (*gauffrage*), in which part of the design is deeply impressed in the thick, tough paper, and thus left without colour.

Generally, they are smaller than the ordinary



FIG. 2. A *SURIMONO* FROM THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM AND SHELL-GAME SERIES: A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS IN THE EARLY SPRINGTIME. BY HOKUSAI (C. 1840.)

excellence, has never been equalled elsewhere in the whole history of art.

This art of colour-printing, closely allied to and largely dependent on the popular theatre and the *maisons*, *verles* was absolutely unrecognized by what we may call the upper classes of society—from the grade of *samurai* inclusive to that of the *daimyo*. The artisans, the tradesmen, the peasants, the coolies had it to themselves. The representatives of the "nation of artists" either knew nothing or affected ignorance of this delightful craft; and it is only since the colour-prints have been appreciated by Western nations that Japan, with some misgivings, has permitted herself a measure of appreciation of them—not uninfluenced by their extraordinary increment of price in the market. No reproach is implied in this statement of fact. The attitude of the cultured Japanese was entirely reasonable and logical. The only point is that the artistic merit of the colour-prints was not able to cope with the moral ideas that condemned them—a position not entirely without parallel nearer home.

But to come back to the "nation of artists" business. There was a sound basis for the epithet, after all. Every Japanese who learned to write,



FIG. 3. A JAPANESE *SURIMONO* FOR THE NEW YEAR: A FISHERMAN WITH HIS FIRST CATCH OF THE YEAR, RETURNING AT SUNRISE. BY HOKKEI, (C. 1840.)

ordinary colour-prints, *surimono* have never reached the giddy heights of price achieved by the latter. One used to be able to purchase a good album with sixty or seventy examples by various artists, professional or amateur, for five or six pounds.

New Year's decorations in Japan were many and varied. Branches of young pine-trees and bamboo shoots symbolical of long life and uprightness were arranged about the door of a house, and a left-twisted rope of rice-straw, an emblem of the sun goddess, was stretched across. (See page 1237.) Lobsters, ferns, dried persimmons and oranges all came into the story, each with its meaning. A neat parcel of similar objects, the "Year-jewel," passed as a gift between neighbours, and miniature "Ships of Good Fortune" were in great demand. Kite-flying and battledore and shuttlecock were great games with the children. All these and many other similar objects, grouped together, form subjects of New Year's *surimono*. In Fig. 4 we have a good specimen of this class of work, by one of the best of the *surimono* artists, Gakutei, who worked in the first half of the nineteenth century. It includes the crescent moon, a spray of fern, hanging straws arranged in the mystic groups of three, five, and seven, and five packets of folded papers in threes (*gohei*), a charm against evil spirits. Many people turn out to see the New Year's sunrise, and the first merchandise delivered on that day is specially decorated.

Fig. 3 combines these subjects. A poor fisherman is bringing home his first catch of the year, just as the sun is breaking through the mist and lighting up the



FIG. 4. A "PRINTED THING" (*SURIMONO*) FOR THE NEW YEAR, WITH APPROPRIATE VERSES: JAPANESE EMBLEMS OF GOOD FORTUNE. BY GAKUTEI (C. 1840.)

"A CITY OF GALILEE, NAMED NAZARETH": THE HOME OF CHRIST.



THE HOME OF JESUS FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE, WHERE HE "INCREASED IN WISDOM AND STATURE": NAZARETH, NESTLING IN A HOLLOW OF THE GALILEAN HILLS.



DESCRIBED AS "THE HOME OF CHRIST AND CHAPEL AT NAZARETH": ONE OF THE CHURCHES BUILT ON A SITE ASSOCIATED WITH THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.



THE CHAPEL OF THE CARPENTER'S SHOP AT NAZARETH: A SHRINE BUILT ON THE SITE WHERE JOSEPH'S WORKSHOP IS TRADITIONALLY BELIEVED TO HAVE STOOD.



THE ONLY SITE IN NAZARETH THAT "CAN, WITH ANY ASSURANCE, CLAIM TO BE GENUINE," AS BEING THE ONLY SPRING IN THE TOWN: THE WELL OF MARY (ALSO CALLED "THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN").

"High up in its Galilean hill," writes one who has recently visited it, "Nazareth nestles in a friendly hollow that hides it on all sides. The charm of Nazareth lies almost solely in its site, and the outward view from any of its surrounding crags is one of indescribable beauty. Nazareth itself, however, lacks grandeur and nobility. When you remember that this was the home of Christ for the greatest part of his lifetime, the town where he 'increased in wisdom and stature,' you miss any sacramental quality. There are convents and churches and religious folk galore, yet the guide-books caution you that 'the inhabitants are noted for their turbulent character.' Beyond its superb structures devoted to religion, Nazareth is a poor place. The sites associated with Jesus and Mary and

St. Joseph are the source of much discussion. Only the Well of Mary can, with any assurance, claim to be genuine, for the simple reason that it is the only spring in the town. The Franciscan Church of the Annunciation is on the site where Mary's house is said to have stood. Latin tradition relates that Gabriel came to Mary in her house. But the Greeks hold that he met her as she came up the steps from the well. So the Greek Church of the Annunciation is built over the spring. There is the site of Joseph's carpenter's shop, and the synagogue in which Jesus is supposed to have preached. Nazareth is now by way of being a manufacturing town, its main products being cutlery and agricultural tools of an archaic type."



THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

MARINE caravanners, like all connected with the sea, owe a special debt to the Lifeboat Service. The chances of shipwreck may appear to them remote, but they are only 80,000 to 1. Few realise the great part this service plays in the lives of everyone. It has saved lives for 104 years at the average rate of eleven per week with funds given voluntarily, whilst last month twenty-one people were saved each week.

Every life saved means happiness to someone, and often to many; it may be that of a family breadwinner, or some great "pillar of the State." Again, someone may be saved whose life is highly insured, so that an insurance company and its shareholders benefit; or an industrial magnate may be rescued whose death would cause heavy falls on the Stock Exchange and thus affect large sections of the public. I mention only a few, but I think sufficient, reasons why this great charity has a claim on the purse of everyone. It has been called "the Red Cross of the Sea," and, as such, subscriptions towards its funds become insurance premiums.

To maintain this great service £250,000 is required annually, but the cost continues to rise as larger and more modern lifeboats become necessary to meet modern conditions. The sum of £250,000 represents only 1½d. per head of the population; but with it over 200 lifeboats are maintained round our coast-lines of 5000 miles, and five new motor lifeboats are being built annually, as it has been found that two modern motor lifeboats are equal to five of the pulling and sailing type. This has greatly increased the annual cost of the service, but the administrative expenses have been reduced to less than five per cent.

The largest motor lifeboat is known as the Barnett type. She has two 80-h.p. engines, with 15 main and 100 minor watertight compartments, and there are two cabins with accommodation for between fifty and sixty people. When complete with searchlights, line-throwing guns, and oil-spraying apparatus for spreading oil on troubled water, her cost is £14,000. Her speed is only nine knots, but she has a great reserve of power, which enables her to maintain it under all conditions of weather. This speed has been sufficient up to date, but is too low for the new duty of saving lives from aircraft in the event of a forced "landing" at sea.

MARINE CARAVANNING—XII

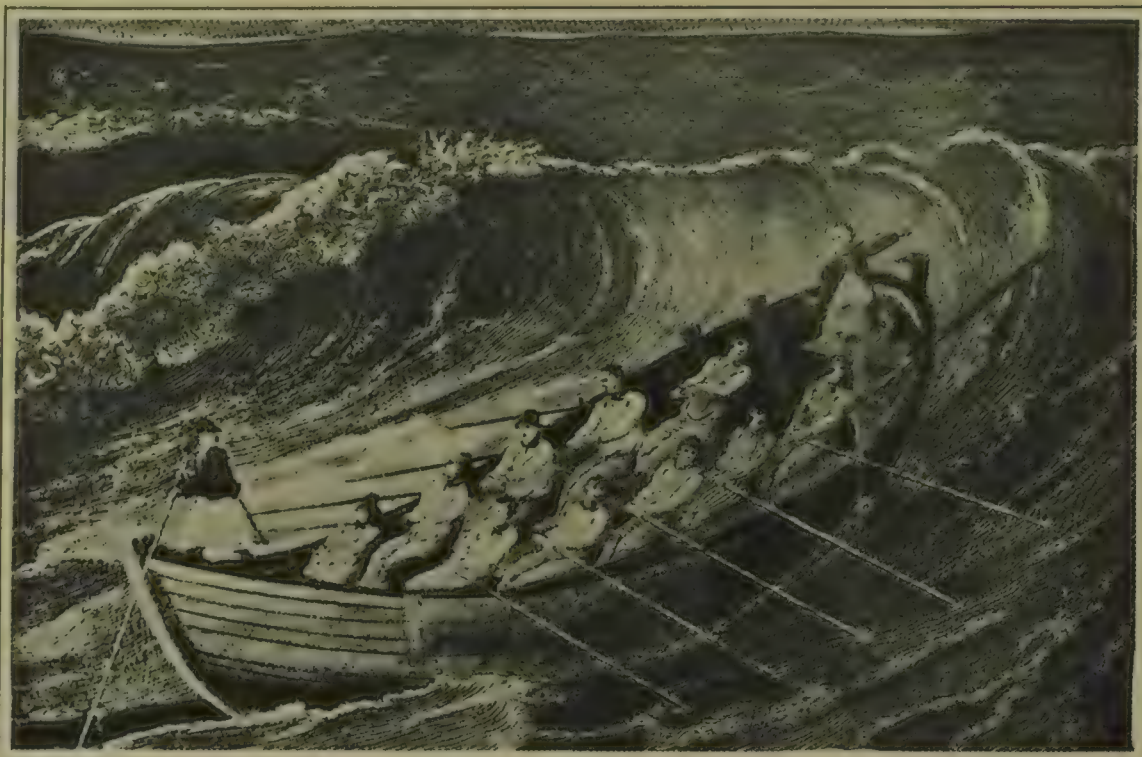
By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

A new type has been designed, therefore, and is now under construction; she will have a speed of 17½ knots, and will appear as shown in our illustration. Her cost will be £18,000, or £4000 more than any previous boat, but what is this sum compared with a few more lives saved? The average cost for each person saved last year was £659.

There are many to whom this sum is of small account, and who would not hesitate to risk their lives to save a drowning man if the chance offered. I appeal to such persons, as well as to the less

two years old. The only reward these men receive is given when they actually venture forth; every time they go out on service they are rewarded. There is a pension system, of course, whereby their dependents are not left destitute should they lose their lives, but this must always be an inadequate reward for their unselfish devotion.

Compared with other boats of their size, lifeboats are expensive, but it should be remembered that their construction calls for only the very best material and labour. Nearly forty firms are directly concerned with building and maintaining them, and it is rightly considered a hall-mark of excellence by any



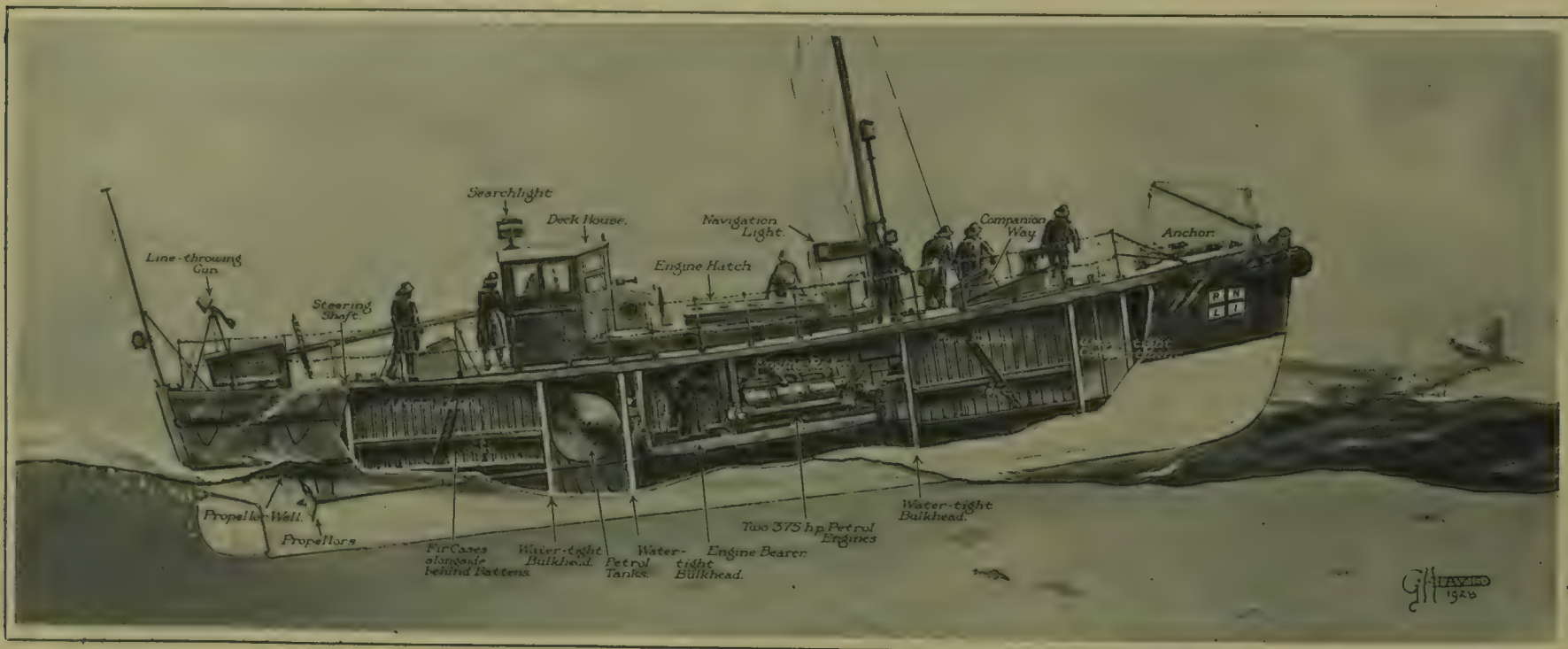
THE FIRST LIFEBOAT: THE "ORIGINAL," BUILT AT TYNEMOUTH IN 1789, 30 FT. LONG, PROPELLED BY OARS, MADE BUOYANT WITH CORK, AND EMPTIED OF WATER BY BALING.—[By Courtesy of the Royal Lifeboat Institution.]

wealthy, to save someone now, for by subscribing they will become life-savers, though the actual rescue is done by some heroic lifeboat crew.

No appeal for this cause would be complete without reference to the lifeboat crews, every member of which is a volunteer. They never fail when called for, and age does not deter them, for during the war period, when 5322 lives and 186 vessels were saved, the crew of a certain boat, numbering eighteen, included twelve men over fifty-five and two of seventy-

company if they are on the approved list of the Institution.

The very great personal interest taken in the lifeboat service by King George, our "Sailor King," makes the present time especially suitable for all to show their sympathy in the tangible form of a contribution to the charity so near his heart. Please send something, however small, and address it to The Secretary, The Royal Lifeboat Institution, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.



THE FASTEST LIFEBOAT IN THE WORLD: THE NEW "SPEEDY" BOAT BEING COMPLETED BY MESSRS. THORNYCROFT FOR THE R.N.L.I.

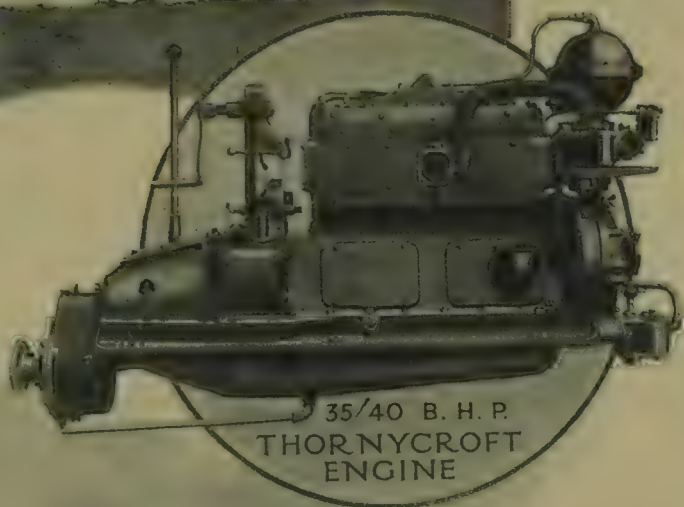
The newest Royal National Lifeboat Institution lifeboat is of quite a new type, and has been designed and constructed by Messrs. Thornycroft from experience gained in the construction of fast motor-boats. This lifeboat, which will be stationed at Folkestone, will have a speed of 17 to 19 knots per hour, has twin screws, and is driven by two 375-h.p. petrol engines. The boat has a liberal supply

of air-cases along her sides, and is unsinkable. One of the duties she may have to perform is to rush quickly to any cross-Channel aeroplane that has to come down in the sea, and at such times her speed will be of the greatest value. She has a length of 64 ft. and a beam of 14 ft.—[Drawn by G. H. Davis from information supplied by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd.]



Thornycroft 35ft. Self-righting Lifeboat, constructed for the Chilean Government. Power: 36 b.h.p. Speed: 9 miles per hour.

An impression of the Thornycroft 72ft. High-speed Motor Lifeboat under construction for the R.N.L.I. Power: 750 b.h.p. Speed: 19 miles per hour.



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THE NEW CAR COMES HOME.

ALL over the country the new car is coming home. For the three months after Olympia, and often well towards Easter, excitement of the most delightful kind reigns in a thousand families, as the day approaches when the new car will be exhibited to admiring and envious friends.

The Most Important Moment of All.

It is not only a moment of tremendous thrill for the new owners, but just about the most important moment in the whole life of the car. Upon its treatment during the first hours and days of its existence depends whether it will turn out the faithful friend its owners expect it to be, or a perpetual source of disappointment and repair bills. If cars think, they must dread the moment of their delivery from the factory, new and stiff, and in desperate need of the most sympathetic welcome.

Advice as to what sort of treatment a new car should receive at this most wonderful moment is to be had in the greatest profusion from everyone, including the makers, one's friends, and one's friends' friends. In the main, the same sort of counsels are offered, supplemented by special ideas from various people; but, unlike advice of most other kinds, you can do your car no harm by following it all. You can hardly pamper a brand-new car enough, especially in the cheaper varieties.

The First Thing to Do.

Most makers will do their utmost to impress upon you the vital importance of keeping the engine-revolutions down for the first 500 miles, some even going to the extreme length of fixing a choke-reducing washer between the carburetter and the engine. You will not need to be reminded of this elementary matter, but you will be wise to regard this as the second rule to be obeyed and not the first.

The first is, before the car makes her first run, even if it is only to the post-office and back, to empty the sump and fill up with fresh oil, and to make perfectly certain the gear-box and back-axle have their proper supply of lubricant. The reason for the former is twofold. In the first place, the oil may be any-

thing but new, and a new engine needs the best of everything and no stint of it. First-grade engine oil only costs about seven shillings a gallon, which is a small price to pay for the certainty that the most delicate and important unit in an expensive machine is safeguarded against at least one possibility of damage. In the second place, apart from the comfortable knowledge that you are starting your ownership with everything as safe as you can make it, you can check the consumption of oil and how it stands up to its work, and compare the figures when the car is new and as it adds to its mileage, thousand by thousand.

Take No Chances at All.

I say thousand by thousand, but that applies only to the time when everything is nicely run-in and the car's life is normal. For the first 2000 miles at least I would not hesitate to change the oil in the sump every 500 miles. It is well worth it. It seems unnecessary to verify the presence of oil in the gear-box and back axle of a new car, but I have known instances where cars have been delivered to their unfortunate buyers with both of these parts practically dry. It is not likely to happen, of course, but golden rule number one in taking over a new car is, Take No Chances at All.

For the same reason, put yourself to the disagreeable trouble of going round with the grease-gun. You may find several unpleasant surprises arranged for you by lazy workmen or careless overseers, and squeaks in a new car are very hard to bear with equanimity, besides being particularly difficult to locate and correct on the road.

The Latest Standard "Nine."

A particularly striking example of the value you can buy to-day for between £200 and £250 is the latest 9-h.p. Standard fabric saloon with a sliding roof. It is the second edition, I believe, of the revived small Standard of pre-war days, which did so much to bring fame to the company, and it is certainly a considerable improvement on the first one, which I described last March in *The Illustrated London News*.

It seemed to me that the engine ran more smoothly and that the gear-box was much quieter. Indeed, the latter is one of the best features of the car. I have

seldom come across a less aggressive second speed than this, even in cars of much higher power. This is a most important point in any small closed car.

Its Good Accessibility.

The four-cylinder engine of the long chassis has a bore and stroke of 63.5 by 102, giving it a cubic content of 1287 c.c. and a tax rating of £10, the engine of the short chassis being rated at £9. It is accessibly arranged for the owner-driver, the pistons being removable through a panel in the crank-case, without the necessity of disturbing anything except the oil-pump. The valve-tappets, too, can be removed in blocks of four, without moving anything else. The Teignmouth fabric saloon I tried is a really surprisingly comfortable and roomy carriage, with those pleasing lines which are so difficult to arrange in small closed cars. The "Stanlite" sliding roof is draught-proof, watertight, and does not rattle. It is very well sprung, the "visibility" is good, although there are only four windows. It is a thoroughly comfortable little car.

Its High Average Speed.

I found that, while the comfortable maximum speed was not much over forty-five miles an hour, a really easy cruising speed was a steady forty. This is no mean achievement in any car of this type, and it is an asset of great value. You can keep up an excellent average speed with this little car with great ease. The dashboard and its fittings are of high grade, and the whole car is properly finished and turned out. With leather-cloth upholstery, the price is £215, but with hide trimming, wire wheels, safety glass, and some extras, including dipping headlights, it costs £245.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

The continued expansion of the world-wide consumption of Eno's "Fruit Salt" has necessitated the removal of the head offices in London to 160, Piccadilly, W.1, adjacent to the famous Ritz Hotel. This office building is one of the architectural sights of London, and the architect responsible for the design, Mr. W. Curtis Green, F.R.I.B.A., was awarded the London Street Medal given by the Royal Society of British Architects for the best façade of the year.



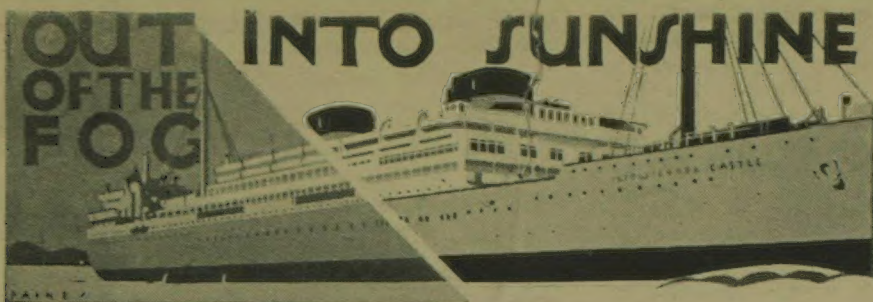
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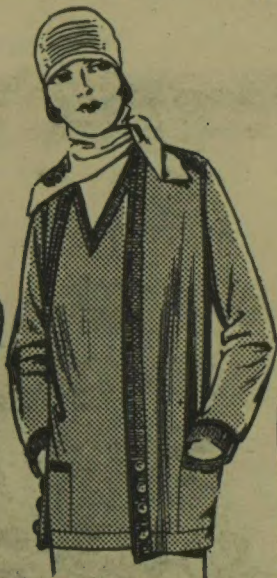
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ELECTRIC GRAMOPHONE WONDERS.

THE effect which one invention has upon the fortunes of others is a most interesting story, not without its romantic chapters. Time and again a new way of doing things has threatened to extinguish the old as completely as the railway overcame the stage-coach. Yet time and again the new-comer has been cheated of its victory and has seen—as in the case of electricity and gas—its rival advance as it advanced. Occasionally it has happened that the later invention has indirectly brought to the earlier ones a fresh and abounding lease of life.

When broadcasting first became popular, many people anticipated the funeral of the gramophone. How, they asked, could there be any survival for such a restricted form of reproduction when one had only to switch on in order to receive any one of many programmes through a medium which gave a remarkably faithful rendering of the original? The new form of entertainment, in short, seemed to stand in much the same relation to the gramophone as the gramophone did to the musical-box. Yet to-day the gramophone is far more popular than ever it was before. Although the number of wireless licensees is approaching three millions, the production and sale of gramophones has reached a stage of almost hectic prosperity.

For this unexpected advance we have to thank, in the first place, the stimulus of competition. Gramophone makers set to work to improve the tone of their instruments, and in this enterprise they gained, from electricity itself, an ally in the form of the electrical method of "recording." Improvements in sound boxes, tone-arms, and other accessories were evolved, and in a short space of time the traditional weaknesses of gramophone reproduction virtually disappeared—at least where new records and new instruments were concerned.

Then came a coalition between the opposing parties, in the form of a device known as a "gramophone pick-up." This device is a link between a gramophone record and any receiving apparatus which includes a valve amplifier and loud-speaker. It takes the place of the gramophone sound-box—the change being a simple and rapid operation—and the

wireless receiver amplifies and transmits the vibrations set up by the gramophone record in much the same way as in the case of broadcasting.

One effect of using the "pick-up" is that the old familiar "scratch" associated with gramophone reproduction disappears. The tone is wonderfully clarified and improved. Another effect is that the volume of sound may be amplified to any degree without any material distortion. Given the right apparatus, it is possible to develop, from an ordinary gramophone, a tide of sound which is adequate for a large hall; yet the quality remains so good that it is not always easy to determine whether the source is a gramophone record or a direct broadcast.

By this simple invention the use of both gramophones and wireless receivers is immensely stimulated. When broadcasting is not "on," or the programme does not appeal, the wireless set can be hitched to a gramophone and any popular number reproduced at full strength and with perfect fidelity. On the other hand, gramophones which have been literally or virtually on the shelf can be brought into action again, with the new electrical method of reproduction replacing the old and not altogether satisfactory mechanical method. Bearing in mind the possibilities of indefinite amplifications, it is not difficult to see that this combination gives an extraordinary flexibility in connection with home-music, dance programmes, and entertainments in halls of various sizes. When we add the refinements of electric driving for gramophones, and the automatic changing of records, we discover in the electric gramophone an instrument of incalculable potentialities for amusement and instruction.

With the lengthening days the garden comes once more to the thoughts of those who take a pride in their homes; therefore the attractive catalogue for 1929 just published by the well-known seedsmen, Messrs. James Carter and Co., will be welcome. This production contains some interesting novelties illustrated in natural colours, together with valuable hints on the preparation and upkeep of lawns, and other useful information. Those requiring a copy of Messrs. Carter's book should write to them at Raynes Park, London, S.W.20.

JAPANESE NEW YEAR CARDS.

(Continued from Page 1252.)

early buds of the prunus. This print is interesting, as the artist, Hokei, one of the best pupils of Hokusai, began life as a fish-seller. He was a somewhat remarkable man, for his tombstone records that "he was an able artist; he delighted in study of every kind; he had, in his own house, several thousands of books." He died, at the age of about seventy, in 1850. The charming composition reproduced in Fig. 1 (on p. 1252) is by Gakutei. The subject is rather obscure—a lady in the old Court costume caressing a tiger. It is probably a travesty of one of the *Sennin* (Buddhist Immortals), perhaps of Toho, who is one of the many Buddhist personages associated with the tiger. In this instance, the significance lies in the fact that the print was probably made in the Tiger year of the cycle (which would be 1830 or 1842) and that the first month of the year is the Tiger month.

Our other illustration (Fig. 2) may not precisely be a New Year *surimono*. It is one of a beautiful series by Hokusai, the greatest of all the men who designed this class of print. The title of the series is "Gemoku Kasen Kai Awase"—"Cherry-blossom and Shell-game Series"—and it represents a group of travellers in the early springtime, halting for a moment amid the snow, with horses grazing in the distance. The scene is rendered with that inevitably right sense of balance and composition which distinguishes almost all the humble artisans of the Japanese Popular School, and Hokusai even above these—a quality rarely equalled by Western painters of any school. The suggestion of distance, of snowy wastes, is perfect, but achieved by the most simple—and therefore masterly—of devices. And the whole design is completed by the placing of the signature, the title, and the accompanying poem—a detail of arrangement which Whistler's keen eye was the first to seize and to interpret to his disciples and enemies.

These are but a few of the infinite variety of *surimono* at the service of the collector—if he can find them; for duplicates are rare, and only very small editions can, as a rule, be printed. There is a large collection available for reference at South Kensington (from which our examples have been drawn), and the study of them will well repay the visitor, from many points of view.

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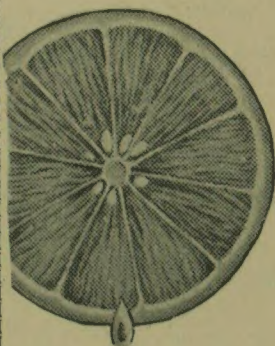
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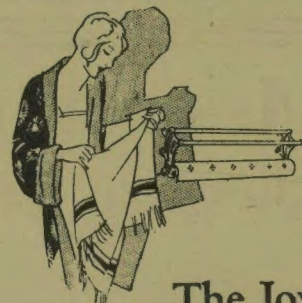
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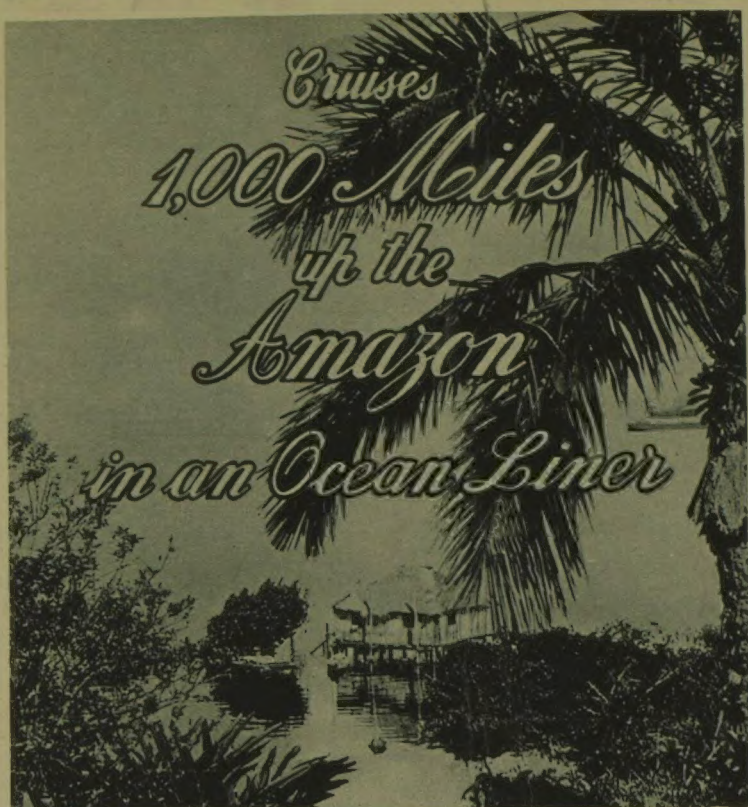
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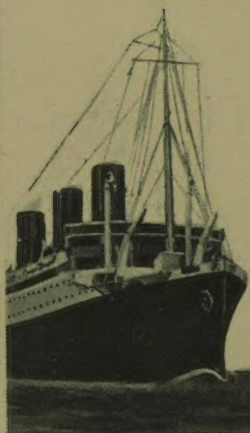
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THE FATHER OF MICROSCOPY.

(Continued from Page 1243)

Perhaps the most striking of Malpighi's researches is that on the silkworm. This was the first work by him that was published in England, and is the first work devoted to the anatomy of any one of the backboneless animals. Malpighi dissected the little creature with wonderful skill, and was astonished to find its structure no less intricate than that of larger backboneed animals or "vertebrates." Insects breathe by a complicated system of air-tubes distributed, like our blood-vessels, to every part of the body. The tubes open at a series of breathing holes ranged along the sides of the insect's body. Malpighi was the first to observe these air tubes and breathing holes, and he arrived at a correct conclusion as to their functions.

The bulkiest of Malpighi's contributions are on the anatomy of plants. In them he observed the minute "spiral vessels" which are now well known to botanists. Struck by their likeness to the air-tubes of insects, he inferred, quite wrongly, that they are related to the act of breathing. In general we may say of him that, though as an observer he was superb, he was weaker in drawing conclusions. Malpighi prepared a remarkably accurate series of figures of plant anatomy, many of which remained incomprehensible until the structures, which they portray so accurately, were re-described in modern times. Thus, he was quite familiar with the cellular structure of plants. He knew plant cells, however, from their walls rather than from the living contents that dwell within them. He was also the first to see the stomata or breathing-holes of leaves, though he was unable to interpret them. He provided good descriptions of the parts of the flower, but was in the dark as to their sexual nature. Malpighi devoted a special work to plant galls. It was believed, until his time, that these extraordinary growths were entirely of vegetable origin. He showed that each contains a grub, which comes from an egg, which, in turn, he traced to an insect.

With the development of plants, as with animals, Malpighi was a pioneer. He gave admirable accounts

of the germination of bean, laurel, date-palm, and wheat. It is worth remark that he figures minute tubercles on the rootlets of the young bean. In recent years it has been shown that these growths are of bacterial origin, and that by their means the bean and its allies are able to fix nitrogen, a process of which these plants are incapable without such adventitious aid. It is a matter that is likely to become of the highest economic importance.

Malpighi made many discoveries that were of great significance for medicine. Among them was his revelation of the structure of the brain, which until his time was regarded as a secreting organ. Several structures in the human body have been named after him by modern anatomists.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 1238.)

in particular has been dramatised in the atmosphere of satire mingled with reality, and Sergeant Buzfuz's famous oration was so completely reproduced (and so well delivered by Mr. Bruce Winston) that we enjoyed the plastic representation perhaps even more than the book. It was undoubtedly the climax of the evening, and in it the players seemed to feel more at home than in any other part of the play. Among the actors, Mr. Charles Laughton very nearly realised Mr. Pickwick, although he lacked some of the suavity and uncton of the dear man; and Sam Weller was as near to the original as imagination and humour could make him; the Fat Boy, too, was as lumbering and joyous as he lived in the pages; and some of the women-folk were like animated vignettes of the period. But not only the adapters and actors deserve to be praised for their efforts; the designer of the scenes, Mr. Aubrey Hammond, was one of their staunchest allies. He has given us a series of pictures which, in their faithfulness to the mid-Victorian era, were worthy of a modern Hogarth.

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?"—is a question familiarly associated with song; but it is also one

that is frequently asked (or in words to the same effect) by those seeking information about some distinguished living personage. In such cases the "Kelly" required is that well-known work of reference—"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 30s.), of which the new 1929 edition (the fifty-fifth) has recently appeared. Its distinguishing feature, a single alphabetical list of some 30,000 names, enables the searcher to ascertain at once whether there is any person bearing a particular title, and, if so, that person's address and family connections. The alphabetical plan, coupled with its compact form, makes "Kelly" one of the handiest and most useful books of its kind. It contains also much tabular information, including lists of the Royal Family, the two Houses of Parliament and the Ministry, Colonial and foreign representatives in London, and British Ministers abroad, besides the principal clubs, and tables of rank and precedence.

The perfect New Year's gift is a diary or engagement book, and those who desire to send their greetings to friends for 1929 will find that John Walker and Co., the famous firm whose loose-leaf diaries, tablet diaries, memorandum pads, and engagement books are known to everyone, offer a wide selection which will appeal to every taste. The tablet diaries with engagements for the month may be obtained with nice leather-cornered stands; the weekly memorandum diary pads can be had in art linen, paste grain roan, or handsome Vandyke-brown morocco, gold-blocked. Then there are wallet diaries which will delight all men, a Treasury-note series of diaries with black morocco refillable covers, and a series of Duplex combined note-books and diaries in paste grain roan or Persian morocco. The loose-leaf pocket diaries are obtainable in five sizes, and well deserve their claim to be the perfect diaries. The Graphic bold-figure calendars should not be forgotten either when choosing a New Year's gift to send out this week; but whatever you choose you may be sure that, if it is a Walker's, it will be accorded a joyous reception.

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